

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 18.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889.

No. 8.

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## MY BABY.

Loose the little, clinging garments,  
Smooth the curly, golden hair,  
Wrap the soft, long gown around you  
Kneel to say the evening prayer,  
My Baby.

Sweetly kiss each waiting loved one  
Bid a happy fond good night;  
In your little bed so cozy,  
Softly slumber 'til the light.  
My Baby.

May the angels guard you darling,  
Bring you sweet and happy dreams,  
That the night may be as cheering,  
As the morning's bright sunbeams,  
My Baby.

Oh how bright seems all around you  
Even in the darkened room,  
For your sweet and happy nature  
Is like sunshine after gloom,  
My Baby.

Oh my own, sweet little darling,  
May angels gifts to thee impart,  
That your life with joys laden,  
Joys return to mother's heart,  
My Baby.

H.

## THE KING'S FLOWER.

One early morn, from country fields  
The market gardeners came  
With red ripe melons, "roasting cars"  
And fruits with cheeks aflame,  
And one great wagon stopp'd, while spoke  
The good wife at my gate,  
"Will you have something ma'am today,  
The things are all first rate?"

"I think I will; but would you like  
A handful of my flowers?  
I'll gather chiefly buds, they'll bloom  
At home in a few hours."  
"O, thank you!" Then she looked around  
As though she something sought,  
And then knelt down beside a plant  
Her earnest gaze had sought.

She clasped her hands just like a child  
That finds some joyous thing,  
And in her smile and native tongue  
Strange gladness seemed to spring;  
Then while I watched in silence, she  
Looked up tears in her eyes—  
"I smelled it and I've found it here—  
Ah me, such glad surprise!"

"And do you love this flower, then.

For it seems dear to you?  
It is the fragrant mignonette  
And neither rare or new."

"Yes, lady, but in mine own land  
This flower's loved by all,  
It grows in windows small and low  
And round fine houses tall;

"And those who cannot buy a plant  
And dare not ask for one,  
Can go and breathe its perfume sweet  
Out in the warm bright sun,  
For in long beds inside the fence  
That guards the royal grounds,  
And in sweet patches o'er the lawns  
This sweet green plant abounds.

"There rich and poor alike may reach  
And pluck at certain hour,  
These fragrant sprays. He loves them so,  
We call them—"the King's flower."  
"Now tell me if you know this one  
So modest, small and blue?"  
Again she smiled: "Oh all the world,  
I think knows this one too;"

"I don't know what you call it here"  
She said as her eyes met me,  
"But in my land so far away  
We call it, "don't forget me!"  
"Oh, gather all you wish my friend,  
And, see these small plants, too,  
That spring in plenty from the seed,  
I'll take them up for you."

I doubt if maiden blooming bright  
And decked with love's own care,  
A brighter smile of happiness  
Upon her life could wear.  
She placed both plant and flowers within  
Safe place from sun or shower,  
Whisp'ring as though to some loved child:  
"Mine own,—Mine King's own flower!"

Smile at the country teams and folk  
But I shall ne'er forget  
The lover's own 'forget me not'  
And the King's Mignonette.  
And when I see that wagon pass  
There comes o'er me again,  
A dream of romance, royal grace,  
And she—queen of the train.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

Bountiful, August, '89.

## HEPHZIBAH.

### VII.

In youth's sweet Spring time, O, how grand and true,  
The aspirations of a fresh young heart;  
And the bright vision, fancy opens to view,  
Strange forecasts of the future life impart.

While Mrs. H. was at the seaside with her little daughter, she tried to make a study of the disposition and temperament of the child, and her maternal love for the little one deepened more and more, as she carefully watched her day by day and found her exceptionally bright and knowing. She took counsel with herself in the matter, and considered it well, for she saw plainly that an ordinary education would not satisfy the intense longing, that Hepsie manifested for something beyond what seemed to be quite sufficient for her young companions. The mother learned from Hepsie herself in a sort of desultory way, (for she would not have thought it proper to tell her she had such wonderful ideas of confidence and friendship) that the

older girls who had been Hepsie's classmates at school, were meditating matrimony, and thought more of making love, than of grammar or mathematics; the child's mind reached so far beyond her years, she feared lest she might become involved in some of the plots and schemes these giddy school girls, thought daring and romantic. She scarcely saw her way clear to remove her either, for there had been a sort of understanding when Hepsie left the parsonage, that she should return to attend the same school the ensuing year.

Sometimes fate opens the way when all our planning seems of no avail, and so it proved in this matter which to Mrs. Hathaway was a very serious one. "Mrs. Grovesner was ill," the news came in a letter from home while they were still at the seashore; "the minister was in despair;" much as Mrs. H. dreaded the effect of the news upon Hepsie, she felt it was absolutely her duty to tell her, all she had learned about Mrs. Grovesner's condition. She did not manifest the least sorrow herself, taking pains to conceal her agitation; but Hepsie to her utter astonishment received the message as though she had known it beforehand; after a few moments of thoughtfulness, she said as though talking to herself, "that ends my life at the dear old parsonage;" and immediately in a burst of emotion her tears falling fast—she ejaculated between her sobs "I knew she couldn't endure it much longer, he has killed her by inches," then as though a new thought had arisen, she remembered the minister's utter dependence upon his wife, and turning to her mother she almost screamed in her excitement, "who'll help him with his sermons now? The whole congregation will find out how it was he could preach such sermons: O, I knew it was because a woman gave him her thoughts and polished every sentence with her beautiful sentiments; women do most of the polishing in this world don't they?" "It is scarcely proper for a little child to judge one like him you do not know all," replied the mother, "besides Mrs. Grovesner is not dead, only ill, and may soon recover, let us hope so at least." "But she will die I knew I should never see her dear face again, every one that I set my heart on dies; my dear old grandpa, he was a man among men not at all like the Rev. Mr. Grovesner!" "I am glad you have a standard of excellence to look up to in mankind, but you have only spoken of two men and in your opinion one of them is all good, and the other all bad, that will not do, there is no perfection on this earth, but most people have more good than evil in their natures. How strange it seems that you should set up a standard at your age for ministers to live up to. They are the ones to teach us the way of life and salvation," was the mother's reply.

"Mrs. Grovesner used to say to her husband that he preached too much about eternal punishment, and too little about heaven; O I've heard them discussing the sermons over and over again, she wanted him to tell the people about love, the love of God, and of the blessed Savior; but he always wanted to have "strong doctrine to give to poor sinners on the Sabbath day" so he said. "I tell you mother she knew as much about the Bible as he did, and a great deal more about love, she often told me how dearly her father loved her, and what a good man, and true Christian he was; "not at all like my husband," she would say, and then explain after "that he was more tender-hearted than most men. He was a minister too, now

I remember and it was arranged that she *must* marry a minister though she was opposed to it, she told me so in confidence; and often when we have been alone she has talked to me in such a way that I felt sure she had at some time in her life a real sweetheart;"

Mrs. Hathaway allowed Hepsie to talk on about ministers, and love, and like topics on which her mind seemed to rest, thinking it would keep her from grieving, and all the time she was learning more of the girl's real nature, though she knew perfectly well the story of Mrs. Grovsnener's life, before and after marriage, and she did not wonder that her daughter put this and that together, until she wove a pretty little romance out of the life of her dear friend.

Before many days another letter came, saying Mrs. Grovsnener had passed away; and as if to confirm Hepsie's words it also stated that the Rev. Erasmus Grovsnener was so overcome with grief, that he would give up his position at N.—and go away from his home, and all that reminded him of his "dearly beloved Deborah." Hepsie mourned sincerely in a childish way, and bemoaned the necessity of leaving the school and her particular friends to whom she was so devotedly attached to go among strangers again, for her mother who had already thought the matter over informed her it would be farther away than before. Hepsie was partly prepared for the message that came, on account of the presentiment she felt the morning she left the parsonage; and yet she had tried to believe there was nothing in it.

At the seaside she had not made any new friends, in fact they were not her style, the little girls of her own age were not at all companionable, and the older ones were occupied with other matters than noticing children. Indeed Mrs. H. herself did not care for the society of the fashionable people who assembled there, she was altogether too, matter of fact, and as soon as she felt Hepsie had somewhat recruited was only anxious to get away. The eldest daughter of the family had married while Hepsie was at school and Mrs. H. intended to entrust the child to her care now that Mrs. Grovsnener was gone, and meantime made inquiries by letter what school advantages there were in the town for Hepsie, and having received word that there was a Select School for young ladies, she felt satisfied it would be a suitable place, and that the influence would be favorable, as there would be less flirtation and coquetting among the girls, although Mrs. H. was not very well posted upon what had transpired in this regard at the High school. In New England in that day, Select Schools for young ladies only, which included little girls in short dresses, and which by the bye were worn until they were fifteen years old, and Young Ladies' Seminaries were considered the most "proper" places for girls; colleges were not then open to young women, in fact it was just about the advent of the woman's rights period—and right here we might add that Hepsie's mother was already tinged with the ideas, that have since become so pronounced and have produced such radical changes in matters pertaining to women.

Poor little Hepsie was very timid about going to strange places, and she had never seen her sister's husband, and indeed did not know anything of the town which was a much larger one and in another county, but her mother was quite imperative as to her going and she knew perfectly well that it would be no use to attempt to dissuade her when once she made up her mind.

Hepsie wrote letters to the girls of the "Club" telling them that she was going to another school and that owing to the changes at the Parsonage, she was not to return to N. at all, and bidding them a fond farewell such as school girls 'love to linger over,' and promis-

ing eternal fidelity she felt she was ready for anything. She did not expect answers to these letters, and in those days postal service was a very different affair to what it is now, they did not make railroad connections the mail went by stage, and really Hepsie only knew of one Railroad, and that line run from Boston to Albany. Mrs. H. did not like to take Hepsie home at all, not even for a visit, but she saw no other way, some needful preparation must be made, and it was impossible for her to remain away from home any longer, and the visit to the seaside had been prolonged for Hepsie had begged for one more day until a week had elapsed and it was nearly time to commence the fall term of school.

Hannah (the married sister) was delighted at thought of Hepsie's coming, and could scarcely wait the time even though she was a young bride just gone to housekeeping. Mrs. H. gave Hannah strict instructions concerning her little sister, telling her she had far outgrown in ideas the village girls of her own age and how important it would be to advise her in the choice of books and companions, and impress her with exalted ideas of what would be expected of her in the future.

The journey home was without any particular incident, and once there the busy mother was involved in household duties, and Hepsie had a grand opportunity to roam over the hills and through the woods and fields, and first of all she wended her way to the old homestead, where she would sit for hours under the sweeping boughs of the great elm trees pondering on the past and dreaming of the future; many were her childish fancies, and girl-like some how a hero of her own ideal creation was always intermingled with the years to come. The house was occupied now by cousins, three or four times removed, so she had an opportunity to go in and out at will, though neither her mother or any of the family had crossed the threshold since the day of the old Major's funeral. The idea of pulling down had been abandoned as it was only valued as real estate. Hepsie unlike the others dwelt in an ideal realm, and clung with fondness and tenacity to the old home and all its attractions. "Strange" her mother remarked when she came to notice it, "she has so much ideality that I am completely at a loss to know what to do with her, she cannot be dealt with the same as the other children and I am puzzled to know what course to pursue." But Hepsie meantime was catching butterflies and enjoying the summer hours and sunshine, and was happy in the very consciousness of living in the beautiful world.

## WOMEN DRUGGISTS IN BUFFALO.

*Editors Woman's Journal:*

The Buffalo Medical College has of late years opened its doors to women. Two of these have taken the junior course in pharmacy and have bought out a drug store, centrally situated, and are now its sole proprietors and managers.

The idea of women conducting a drug store was so novel, especially to an Englishman, that it was thought worthy of a notice in one of the London journals. An interview with one of the proprietors, Miss R. Belle Mosher, formerly of Hornellsville, N. Y., disclosed the fact that neatness, tact and exactness, three essentials to successful druggists, are largely possessed by women, and that there is a growing demand for women druggists, just as there is for women physicians.

The sign Bouteyne & Mosher now adorns the door of the oldest drug store in the city of Buffalo, whose establishment dates back fifty years.

*Ex*

## NOTES AND NEWS.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Miss Margaret Elliott Francis is editor of *The Trained Nurse*, Buffalo, N. Y.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections held its session in San Francisco.

Miss Otilie Thomas, stenographer and typewriter, is said to be the only American girl in charge of an exhibit at the Paris Exposition.

Dr. Louise Fisk Bryson, a young physician of New York, read a paper before the Social Science Association on "The Dangerous Classes and the Modern Doctor."

Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller will make an extended tour through the New England States this fall in the interest of dress-reform—the art of comfortable and artistic dressing.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the story-writer, is now seventy-two years of age, and although still bright and active, requires constant attention, owing to defective eye-sight.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has established at Gloucester, Mass., a fisherman's reading-room, with newspapers and games. She has also founded several coffee-rooms at the point.

Men have accused the women who are fearlessly demanding equal rights for their sex, of every thing but one. They have never accused them of being weak-minded.—*Mrs. Josephine K. Henry in Southern Journal.*

Susan B. Anthony has written to Mayor Grace of New York, suggesting that one of the permanent buildings of the World's Fair be set aside to women, for an exhibit of their work. "While the men of the country," she says, "shall rear temples in honor of Columbus, it will surely be most fitting for the women to celebrate the virtues of Queen Isabella."

Miss Mary L. Seymour, editor of the *Business Women's Journal*, advises women to wear a dress with seven pockets. Four of these are in the vest, one for the watch, one for a pencil, two for car-tickets and small change. Under one of the panels on the right side is a long pocket for the purse and handkerchief. The pockets for memorandum-book and card-case are tucked away in the drapery behind. When Mrs. Scymour has another dress made, she proposes to add an eighth pocket on the left side for keys and miscellaneous belongings.

In New Mexico a convention to form a State Constitution met at Santa Fe on the 3d inst. Before it had been in session a week the question of woman suffrage came up upon numerous petitions sent in by the women of the Territory. Several county conventions also had passed resolutions in its favor. On the 10th inst. a majority of the convention refused to permit the incorporation of a woman suffrage clause in the elective franchise article. The woman suffragists endeavored to delay action, but an adverse report of the committee was finally adopted.

The Woman Suffrage Party's State Committee met at No. 52 University Place, Mr. Hamilton Willcox presiding, Aug. 29, and decided to hold its State Convention at Saratoga, Oct. 2 and 3. Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, the distinguished philanthropist and orator, president of the Woman's Centenary Association, and ex-president of Sorosis, was elected president of the Committee instead of Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, deceased. Mrs. Thomas accepted the post. Geo. Pellew, nephew of John Jay, was chosen secretary, in place of Charles K. Whipple, removed from the State.

## THANK GOD.

Thank God for Tears, which as the genial rain  
Refreshes earth, so rests the weary brain;  
Bright, blessed tears, of gladness or of grief,  
To o'er-charged nature bringing quick relief.

Thank God for Dreams, in which our loved ones come  
From fairer homes, and make less burthensome  
Life's weary longings, and its weight of care,  
Which we must carry till we join them there,

Thank God for Love, the purest, holiest thing  
Which blesses earth, or hope or bliss can bring;  
Dear friendship's smile, affection's tender tone,  
And all the sweetness which to Love is known.

Oh thank, and praise Him! for the sacred Light  
Of Truth, to guide our drifting souls aright;  
By which all tests may safely be withstood—  
Thank God for all things beautiful and good!

LULA.

## THAT LULLABY.

"Bye low bye," I can hear her sing,  
Dear little mother mine!  
Back and forward the rockers swing,  
Deep in my heart the words entwine,  
"O, Bye low baby bye"

Sweet is the voice, as turtle dove,  
Crooning the song of mother-love;  
Told is a story, heard on high,  
In the artless words, of "bye low bye."

Long are the days since last I lay  
Close to her heart so true.  
Beset by storms the thorny way,  
Many a cloud, and little blue  
Has shone across my sky,  
Since husied by that "bye low bye."

O! for the days, when in her arms,  
Sooth'd by that lullaby,  
Safe from the world and all its harms,  
Rocked to rest, on mother's breast,  
I heard that "bye low bye!"

WOODINA.

## THE BABY ON HER ARM.

MRS. E. L. BALLARD.

Surrounded by an unbroken forest  
It stood—a cabin of the humblest type.  
Windows it had none,  
Its only door, to admit light and sun,  
Wide open; a spinning-wheel within  
And a cradle.  
She came and stood in the door  
And looked after his departing form,  
A half-spun roll in her hand,  
And trailing behind her on the floor  
The twisting, twirling thread of yarn.  
The wheel in motion—the baby on her arm.

Long since the noon-day heat had  
Sapped up the lushy essence of summer  
Morn; and where wet ferns bow and weep,  
And purling waters play and leap  
In the braided wilderness, the echoing song  
Of the thrush rang. And the sun on the cabin floor  
Short shadows cast.

With cheek flushed and warm  
She came and gazed down the leafy aisle,  
Then passed through the open door  
And out to the falling waters.  
An empty bucket in her hand—the baby on her arm.

Above their fellow-trees in the forest  
The spired forms of the hickory towered,  
Casting, as the purple evening closed around,  
Shapely shadows on the open ground  
About the cabin. Shy birds chattered in the  
Bunched leaves, and the odor of scented roses  
Came out of the wilds.

She came and stood in the door,

And smiled gladly as he approached;  
And trailing behind her on the floor  
A rolling ball of yarn,  
A half-knit sock in her hand—the baby on her arm.  
Selected.

## PICNIC IN THE WOODS.

Early in the morning the party of a dozen  
and more left town in open vehicles and on  
horseback well equipped for fishing hunting  
and feasting; and all in a jolly good humor, on  
pleasure bent, though there had been two or  
three disappointments, from different causes  
before starting, and one break down before we  
reached the foot of the first hill; but as the  
horses stopped when the wheel ran off, and no  
one was hurt, or even thrown out—it was  
looked upon as a very lucky accident even if it  
did hinder us for a couple of hours.

Up in this Northern Territory there is not  
too much sunshine even in August, and from  
the recent fires there is still smoke in the air.  
Our road lay where the woods are almost con-  
tinuous on both sides of the way though it  
winds round and round the mountains, yet  
there were traces at intervals of the terrible  
fires that have been devastating this beautiful  
reigon of country. The horses were spirited  
and the ride with the woodland odors around  
us was refreshing. On and on we wound, up  
and down, in and out, only occasionally seeing  
a miner's log cabin until finally reaching an  
open glade, where there were a few dwellings  
and a pretentious quartz mill, running briskly  
with a good supply of water, and farther up the  
mountain stream we were told was a good sub-  
stantial saw mill, in working order. This was  
once, only a short time ago, the prosperous  
town of Osborne; and a mile or more further  
on was Eagle where in the Spring of 1884  
there were 6,000 people. It is now a deserted  
hamlet with only a few families; there are  
several such deserted places round about here.  
The Eagle river supplies water for the mills,  
and other purposes and is a pretty winding  
mountain stream, making a charming variety  
in the scenery. Occasionally we were told that  
the road was much more picturesque before the  
recent fires, which have been very fierce and  
terrible, though along this road there had been  
more of what is termed back fires, running up  
the mountain on the other side and down on  
this, and fires do not rage so fiercely running  
downward as when climbing upward.

There is still what the Westerners would call  
"a smart sprinkle" of pine trees and shrubbery  
though the black stumps and fallen trees  
burned to cinders are not altogether hidden  
here and there is the mountain ash with its rich  
clusters of bright red berries, and Elder bushes  
covered with the ripe luscious blue-berries;  
these diversified the scenery.

There are many spruce and fir trees among  
the pines, with a few hemlocks and other  
varieties, but it is almost entirely a forest of  
dark tall pines, through which the wind sings  
soft lullabies, and anon sighs mournfully, as a  
funeral requiem for the dead, then perhaps  
shrieks, moans, cries piteously, or changing  
again fairly howling in majestic fierceness.

But notwithstanding the song of the pines so  
delightfully sympathetic we journey on for the  
Major by whose side I am sitting is very loqua-  
cious, and has an agreeable, deep sonorous  
voice; and he tells me many interesting things  
of Mexico and other countries he has visited  
and coming back to the present, of his "well-  
made scheme," now in progress of a bed rock  
flume, which matter I will not here explain, as  
this party is a social affair and not an industrial  
enterprise.

After driving about ten miles we come to a  
beautiful mountain river the North Fork of  
the Cœur d'Alene and in a clearing a camp is  
in sight;—a lone fisherman on the rocks is

hauling in the fish, much to the discomfiture of  
some of the ladies, but totally unheeding, fishes  
on and on.

By the large white tent sits a young woman  
at perfect ease, as though there were no  
disturbing elements in all the world; two men  
are busy making preparations for our coming.  
We unloaded some distance away as it would  
have been impossible to drive nearer and the  
provisions etc., were put in a skiff and some of  
the party also went in the boat, I preferred to  
walk even at the risk of crossing difficult places  
on logs. It was a delightful day and the river  
was lovely indeed and looking across it at the  
tall cotton woods and very old pines all the way  
up the high mountain side reminded one of  
those immortal lines.

"This is the forest primeval  
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green."

The view was most inspiring but we were a  
party and one is expected on such occasions to  
be social and *not* sentimental, to join in the  
conversation and help amuse and entertain.  
One or two of the ladies and gentlemen took  
the fishing rods to try their luck, and one of  
the young ladies marched up the river with a  
gun, followed by a slender, genteel young man,  
just from New York City, whom the gentlemen  
designated as a "tenderfoot." Hammocks  
were swung, magazines brought out and the  
rest of us were left to follow our own inclina-  
tions, and as the company was composed of  
men of military fame and legal ability, the  
ladies were glad to listen. There were two  
Majors a Colonel and a General, three or four  
lawyers and a Judge and of course others equally  
brilliant if not titled.

It was soon time for refreshments however,  
and a fire was kindled in the middle of a pile  
of rocks; and fish was fried and coffee made and  
the cloth spread, and the guests gathered  
around, partaking with a relish the tempting  
viands.

Afterwards we gathered wild flowers, ferns  
and boughs of evergreen. and as the sky  
darkened we began to think of turning our  
faces homeward. The horses were harnessed  
the things put into the boat and we wended our  
way across the rough places after bidding good-  
bye to the grey-haired General and Mrs.  
Vickers, who remained at the camp, having  
gone down there for a few days hunting and  
fishing. Before we started the rain was pour-  
ing, and we were really unprepared, as the  
morning had been very fine, but the ladies had  
the use of the men's hunting coats and what  
parasols had been taken out were put to good  
use; but a sorry sight we were to gaze upon.  
We were all glad of the rain nevertheless, and  
hoped it would effectually extinguish the fires,  
that were still burning in places on the  
Mountains and deep down at the roots of many  
trees; but as we came towards home we saw  
two tall trees blazing fiercely though the rain  
was pouring in torrents. We felt sure the  
flames could not hold out long and so com-  
forted ourselves and drove on. The party  
were all in fine spirits, a merry crowd; it had  
been a most delightful day for the writer, meet-  
ing new people, seeing new places, hearing  
good stories well told, and listening to the  
music of nature's voices, and quietly commu-  
ning and forming pictures in her mind to be  
framed hereafter and set in the halls of  
memory.

AUNT EM.

Murray, Idaho August 31, 1889,

Mrs. Allen Hamilton, a sister of Congress-  
man Holman, of Indiana, who died recently  
at Fort Wayne, bequeathed \$1,000 to the  
cause of woman suffrage, the money to be held  
in trust by Mrs. Lucy Stone and Susan B.  
Anthony.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## NOTICE.

The Sixtieth Semi-Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will commence at 10 o'clock, on Friday morning, October 4th, 1889, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.

The officers and members of the Church are cordially invited to be present at the meetings.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,  
GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
First Presidency.

## RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE.

The first Semi-Annual Conference of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, on Monday October 7th, commencing at 10 a. m.

A cordial invitation is extended to the Stake Presidents of the Relief Society and all officers and members thereof, and also the brethren to attend the meetings.

ZINA D. H. YOUNG,  
President.  
JANE S. RICHARDS,  
BATHSHEBA W. SMITH,  
Counselors.

## JUSTICE TO THE PEOPLE.

The course taken and the haste made by President Harrison in removing from office Democrats because of their politics and not on account of any inefficiency or lack of duty, is considered by men of large experience who are not partisans as anything but laudable. It does not bespeak for him the magnanimity of character that would be expected in the Chief Executive of the nation whose position gives him the power to show himself above petty distinctions and partisanship. Executive and Judicial work is delayed and weakened when able men are removed from office who have become thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and surroundings, and new men appointed, novices perhaps, simply upon some one's recommendation or preference hundreds or thousands of miles away, and who might have a selfish or malicious object in view. That the President is urged in this matter by prominent and influential men of his party is true, but the people of these United States of all parties expect better things of the President of this great and free Republic.

At the Republican Convention of Iowa recently Hon. John M. Irwin Pres. of the Convention made the remark. "The bounden duty of Benjamin Harrison, by the grace of the Re-

publican party President of the United States is to have none but Republicans on guard anywhere and to have nowhere in this broad land any Democrat in any official position high or low."

In the three states Ohio Pennsylvania and Iowa this is the official representative action and declaration. The man who stands at the head of a great nation like this one is not the representative of a party alone but of a people, who expect justice and equity and not a one sided administration. If such rules are to be applied how can the people be equal? we Americans talk a great deal about freedom and equality, and the constitution of our country guarantees it, but there is a failure in the spirit and action of the thing somewhere, and perhaps one solves the problem in one way and one in another; but certainly Pres. Harrison is not following out the pattern of Our Father who sends the rain on the just and on the unjust for they are all his children.

According to our understanding Pres. Harrison is the President of the people of the United States, including all parties, and all classes and women as well as men, tho' they are not supposed to have any politics of any kind, and very few rights or privileges, except to stay at home and learn of their husbands if they have a home, and what if they have not? why then to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow the same as men do with out the right to assert themselves; or enjoy the equality in reference to remuneration for their labor, that is given to men the country over.

There will be an opportunity next winter when the Woman Suffrage Convention is held in Washington of ascertaining the views, opinions and willingness of the President towards woman suffrage or equal political rights for men and woman, but judging from what has transpired, the woman of the nation would have to bind themselves to vote the Republican ticket, if they expected his influence or support towards obtaining unconditional suffrage.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the 7th of this month a number of the sisters paid their respects to Sister Presindia L. Kimball it being her birthday anniversary. The guests numbered fifty or more and they came laden with good things, and with presents in commemoration of a day which they keep annually in an appropriate way. Sister Presindia has now entered upon her 80th year, having been born in 1810. She is a woman of remarkable power, and wonderful experiences, a fine presence; and possessing many of the gifts of the Gospel in a rare degree. Her name is known throughout all Israel for her good works and ministrations, particularly to the sick and distressed in body or mind. Although not present at the birthday party we extend the most sincere congratulations to Sister Kimball and trust her usefulness may continue yet many years to come.

The September number of "The Answer" published in the interests of the "School of Journalism," at Detroit, Michigan has been received and is an interesting paper. Something out of the usual order and a woman's enterprise. Miss Clara Selleck Editor. She is spoken of as a young woman of ability, and certainly the one number we have seen speaks well for the management of the paper. Among the patrons of this school of journalism as published in its columns we noticed the names of some of the prominent women in literature and newspaper role. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of Ex-President Cleveland, Holland Patent, New York, Mrs. Dr. Bennett, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Cora Wheeler, Boston, Mass., Mrs. Col. Hallam, Mrs. Mohl, Mrs. C. S. Lockwood, Miss McPherson, Judge Harlan, Miss Snow and others, Washington D. C. If the

School of Journalism is all that it is claimed to be by the paper which represents it, certainly much improvement may be positively expected in those who have opportunities of availing themselves of its advantages.

Mrs. A. M. Longshore Potts M. D. a graduate of the Philadelphia Woman's College, will lecture in the Salt Lake Theatre next week as follows, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 23, 24, and 26, commencing at 8 o'clock. Also afternoon lectures to ladies only Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, commencing at 3 o'clock. Saturday Sept. 28, at 8 p. m. lecture to both sexes on Love, Courtship and Marriage. We acknowledge courtesy of invitation. If one can judge by the press notices of Mrs. Potts it will certainly be pleasant and instructive as well as entertaining to hear her speak. Women are so severely criticised when they appear on the lecture platform that we really think the Doctor must possess a wonderful power of fascination or exceptional ability to have received such flattering encomiums of praise and appreciation from newspaper men. "The Philadelphia Press said of her, Mrs. Dr. Potts is very winning and attractive and always capable of holding the attention of a refined and intelligent audience. Many of the follies of mankind were shown up in a most amusing, crushing, sarcastic and witty manner by the lecturer, and her audience was forced to break out frequently in the heartiest laughter." *New York Herald* "She is not only an able, scientific woman, but a brilliant and eloquent speaker." There are other notices we have seen from journals in America and other countries, but these are sufficient to show that she is held in high esteem as a public lecturer, and it will without doubt be a great intellectual treat to listen to her persuasive eloquence.

## HALF A CENTURY.

A very large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of Mrs. Sarah Jane Cannon at the Cannon Farm on Wednesday evening September 11, to celebrate her birthday anniversary. It was an unexpected surprise and an appropriate and telling acknowledgement of their love and esteem for the honored lady. The husband was necessarily absent, being excused by the Edmund's Law from any participation in the festivities of the party. President Woodruff and other distinguished guests however honored the occasion by their presence, and the evening was passed in chatting, feasting and so on. A number of congratulatory addresses were made by the guests and some written articles read, among them a letter from the absent husband expressing his appreciation and kindly feeling and the circumstances that compelled his absenting himself from the bosom of his family even at a time of rejoicing. It is needless to add that there were many gifts presented and everything passed off pleasantly. The affair was we are informed under the direct management of Dr. E. S. Barney who should also be congratulated on its success.

## EIGHTEENTH WARD SEMINARY.

We acknowledge receipt of Circular of the Latter-day Saints Seminary of the Eighteenth Ward for the first Academic Year 1889--1890.

It is very gratifying to know that this people have practically awakened to the importance of having schools wherein definite religious instruction is given, and special classes for that purpose are organized in each department. The idea of the Bible being excluded from the public schools, may be American, as many arrogantly proclaim, but it is not Godlike and will have a tendency to produce a race of infidels.

We hail with joy the advent of Latter-day Saint schools and colleges and feel that it is an inspired movement which will result in great good to the youth of Zion and in its interests at home and abroad. The schools already established where religious instruction has been given have done and are still doing an excellent work, and many other like institutions in different parts of the Territory will ere long be in operation.

The school building in the 18th Ward which was dedicated on the 30th of August last was built by subscription for the very purpose to which it will now be devoted. "The first term of this seminary of learning began September 2nd and will close November 8th. The second term will begin November 11, and end January 24. Third term will begin January 27, and end April 7th. Fourth term will begin April 7th and close June 13th. There will be a vacation from December 24 to January 2."

"There will be three departments namely: the Primary Department, consisting of pupils of the chart and first reader grades; the Preparatory Department, consisting of pupils of the second and third reader grades; and the Intermediate Department consisting of pupils of the fourth and fifth reader grades. As stated special classes in Theology will be organized in each department."

#### DISCIPLINARY.

"This Seminary is under the control of a Board of Education, elected by the Board of Directors of the 18th Ward Ecclesiastical Corporation. They select the teachers and provide for the necessities and general welfare of the school.

The immediate government and disciplining of the school rests with the teachers, who will maintain order, rather by including principles of morality and self-respect, than by the infliction of punishments.

If a pupil indulges in persistent or wilful disobedience to teachers, or is guilty of immoral or disgraceful conduct, he will be suspended or expelled from the school in such a manner as is decided by the judgment of the teachers, with the approval of the Board.

Absence or tardiness should be excused by a note from the parent to the teacher stating the cause.

In case of withdrawal the Principal should be notified at once, as the pupil's name will remain on the register until such report is made.

A record of each pupil will be kept in such a manner as to afford a full exhibit of his habits in regard to attendance, punctuality, deportment and preparation of lessons, and at the end of each term a report of the same will be sent to the parent or guardian of the pupil."

#### REMARKS.

The text-books used for the ordinary branches will be the same as those adopted for the use of the district schools.

Parents should consult the teacher before purchasing books or other school supplies for their children.

Parents or guardians will be held strictly responsible for any damage done to school property by their children.

For further information, address

HORACE CUMMINGS, Principal,  
437 E. Second South St.  
or ROBERT PATRICK, Chairman of Board,  
163 B Street.

#### SELF GOVERNMENT.

This is a subject we all would do well to consider, and inquire of ourselves how far we exercise the privilege.—

Government is necessary for the well being of society, whether exercised by a monarchical, Republican, or Patriarchal form, but how much

easier it would be for any and all of these different governments, if the individuals governed understood and practiced *self government*. How much easier it would be for the heads of families if each member of the family practiced self-control and self-denial, and could with propriety say, under every circumstance that they could govern their feelings, thoughts and actions. This is a degree of perfection to which we are not likely to attain in a few days or weeks, though we might with profit begin at once and see what we can do with number one. It is a privilege no one can take away from us. This to me is an encouraging thought, and that no one great or small, rich or poor can be robbed of this inestimable blessing.

Then let us try to exercise this privilege and ask our Heavenly Father to help us every day and hour to watch ourselves that we may in time be able to govern and control every thought, and direct every action and word. If we depend upon ourselves alone we will not succeed to any great extent and if we are not earnest and determined, we need not expect help from above. The humble and sincere alone may look for strength and guidance from our Heavenly Father. May we all realize this and live in accordance with his laws, that we may justly claim a portion of his spirit to be with us continually to enlighten our minds and strengthen our resolves to do, and accomplish every good desire of our hearts.

MARY E. L. NEFF.

Manuscript Paper Y. L. M. I. A.  
Nephi, Utah.

#### GOOD ADVICE.

As I sit and admire these our mountain homes dearer to us than anything else on earth, I seem to hear all nature proclaiming peace unto us all, the low rustling breezes that come now and then to fan us as we feel the effects of the glittering rays of the sun, as we toil by the sweat of our brows to earn bread; then the cool sparkling streams from which we quench our thirst, whilst the birds twitter and sing above us in the leafy branches. All seem to whisper in harmony the voice of peace and quietude. But hark! from afar comes a sound as of low rolling thunders 'tis the voice of Babylon. She is coming, coming into our very midst. We all know how our parents and grandsires came out of her that they might not be partakers of her sins and iniquities, they left the world and all its vanities and came to this once wild desert, where naught but the wild beasts and savage roamed. Think with what zeal, strong hearts, and willing hands, our patriotic fathers labored to obtain that which was dearer to them than life, even freedom.

Behold! also the desert blooming as the rose under their hard labors, the comfortable homes we now enjoy, the many stately buildings, houses of worship, school houses, and places of learning where we can be taught to become useful men and women, and honest citizens of this great country which was once proclaimed to be "The land of the free and the home of the brave." But now we find that the people of this great nation are fast drawing themselves from that line, they have not only taken the rights of citizenship from many of our brethren but they have also disfranchised all the women of this Territory without just cause so that they do not enjoy that "perfect freedom and perfect equality" with man that they should enjoy. But still we can raise our voices and defend these rights which a free people should enjoy, and we can encourage others to strive to maintain that for which they have struggled so hard.

Shall we now because we enjoy the fruits of the labors of the pioneers, stand idly by drifting hither and thither we care not where, and see our rights wrested from us by those who have come into our midst with their smooth tongues and fine speeches

to allure us into their paths, to become as they are many of them steeped in vice and sin, what have they done for us, they have brought Babylon with all her gorgeous displays into our midst and laid her at our very doors to lead us from the paths of virtue and honesty, in which we have been taught to tread by those to whom we are already indebted so much, shall we as I said before stand idly by and see these things take their course. I feel that we are all united in saying no; although we as young sisters cannot as yet do much, many of us have true patriotic blood flowing in our veins. Therefore let us arouse ourselves and encourage the young men to go forward in maintaining their rights and our rights while we are not allowed to cast a ballot in voting for honest men, because we cannot afford to have plotters and schemers to fill public positions to draw us into their snares of immorality and bondage as it were, although they appear very frank and polite in their way. But still we know we are on the safest side when we unite with those who are of us, whom we know to be honest, truth-loving men, men who will establish such rules, and principles, as will tend to elevate us, and place us on a higher platform; therefore brethren we your sisters feel to sustain and encourage you from our hearts and feel to say to you all go cast your honest votes for the "People's Party."

MISS MARY ANDERSEN.

Huntsville, Utah.

#### "THE AUTOCRAT AT EIGHTY."

Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eightieth birthday at Beverly Farm, August 29th. He received many letters and telegrams of congratulation among them, a short personal note from his friend Whittier, in which the latter expressed his regard and deep regret that he could not that day grasp his friend by the hand. Many ladies and gentlemen called and he received a great many beautiful floral gifts. The following sketch of Dr. Holmes' Career is from the *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

#### DR. HOLMES' CAREER.

Dr. Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass. and breathed a literary atmosphere from the day of his birth. When old enough to go away to school he was sent to the Phillips Andover Academy. Here he began to make verses by translating the first book of Virgil's "Æneid" in heroic couplets. In 1825 he entered Harvard. There he was a frequent contributor to the college periodicals, and when the appointments for commencement were given out Holmes was made the poet. That his standing in scholarship was excellent is manifest from the fact that he was chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which selects its members from those who stand among the highest.

The young graduate found himself famous within a year after his graduation. Many a literary man has attracted his first literary notice in a literary way by a few verses hitting off some topic at the time uppermost in the popular mind. In 1830 it was proposed to break up the old frigate Constitution. One day there appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* a protest against such a desecration beginning:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,  
Long has it waved on high.

The author was O. W. Holmes. The piece took at once, was copied widely in the newspapers, circulated in handbills, and saved the ship.

Holmes studied law for a year at the Cambridge Law School, but if he did not learn more of literature than law he at least produced more in the literary field, for he wrote a number of humorous pieces, which added to his reputation as a writer. It was destined that he should be

a physician, however, and, having changed his mind as to the law, he studied medicine under Dr. James Jackson, and then spent three years studying abroad.

But, while medicine furnished him with work; literature presented a field for amusement. The year he received his medical degree (1836) he published a book containing his poems to that date. This volume contained one of the best-known as well as the most delicate mixtures of the comic and the pathetic in all his pieces, "The Last Leaf."

Dr. Holmes served for a while as professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth, and in 1849 filled the same chair in the medical school at Harvard. While he is not known to the public as a writer on medical topics, he gained three of the Boylston prizes for medical dissertations. They were published together in 1838. Besides these he has published half a dozen books on medical science.

When, in 1857, James Russel Lowell began his work as editor of a new magazine called the *Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Holmes was called upon to put a shoulder to the wheel and start the new enterprise on the road to popular favor. He began with a series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Twenty-five years before he had begun a series of articles with that title for the *New England Magazine*. The papers not only successfully launched the magazine, but when published in book form became the most popular piece of literary work bearing the author's name, not only then but ever afterward. Indeed they were so fascinating that the public eagerly absorbed everybody "at the breakfast table" that Dr. Holmes would write about. "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" followed "The Autocrat," and are still regarded among the Doctor's best works.

In verse Dr. Holmes has touched very little that is not especially noted for the sparkling rather than the poetic. He has written some pieces, however, in which there is the true poetic ring. Perhaps the best specimen of this kind of verse in his works is "The Chambered Nautilus." The most marvelous feature, however, about him is the work which he has been able to do upon occasion. Let there be a meeting of his classmates to celebrate their past in college, a dinner of doctors, a supper of authors, Dr. Holmes would be called upon to cook up something choice in verse to grace the literary menu. And when the feast was set the Doctor's dish would not only be devoured by the classmates or doctors or authors, but would be seized upon by the whole public. Indeed many of his choicest pieces were produced in this way.

Dr. Holmes, during his long life in literature wrote only two novels—"Elsie Venner," a study of heredity, and "The Guardian Angel."

Beyond his literary work Oliver Wendell Holmes is known among his friends as a genial companion and especially as a wit. In his poetical works, best of all American poets, he touches the modern taste. Such poets as Will Carleton, Lowell in his "Biglow Papers," Bret Harte, and John Hay are of this school, but Holmes overtops them all. While the plane on which his poems are written is far higher than theirs. In some there is a depth of meaning unnoticed by the casual reader, but what remains is so good that it stands of itself. The "Wonderful One Horse Shay," for instance, was written to show a collapse of logical reasoning. But few of those who have read it know this; yet the "One Horse Shay" still lives, perhaps the most popular of all the Doctor's efforts. Fortunately for his admirers the author still lives, and is honored not as a poet, author, wit, humorist, alone, but as an original in all these, and as the most genial and lovable of men.

#### MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

Everybody knows how Mrs. Humphrey Ward writes. Many know how she looks, but few have heard her talk in debate. That she should do so in Dublin, under circumstances which enable many friends (Americans, a few among them) to hear her, will not surprise you so much when I add that her father is one of the best known figures in the learned society of the Irish capital, and is an undisputed authority upon a large number of important subjects. The esprit of the various literary institutions here finds vent in a club known as the *Cosmopolitan*. It meets in the apartments of C. H. Oldham, one of the leading Protestant home rulers. Dublin is one of the most delightful of insular cities. Its social life has all the repose of learned leisure. Nobody among its scholars is rich. Nearly every man of note in the higher institutions of learning is interesting, clever and more or less distinction in some special pursuit. The wit of the Irish race, which is said to be declining among the middle class Irish as schooling makes them too literal, flourishes, not without a flavor of the conservative, perhaps in the cosmopolitan.

A walk within an area of a few acres in Dublin will enable the visitor to see, as they perform their duties in connection with the schools, Edward Dowden, the Shakespearean scholar; Professor Galbraith, Dr. Mahaffy, the author of various works on social life in Greece and the "Art of conversation," who is now in America; Anthony Traill, the natural philosopher; Thomas K. Abbott, the Hebrew scholar; Dr. Robert Ball, the astronomer royal, and Samuel Haughton, of who Darwin relates in one of his letters in the "Life" that he told the Geological Society in Dublin in 1859 that the speculation of Darwin and Wallace would not be worth notice if it had not the weight of Lyell's name supporting its promulgation. Professor Haughton is Bourbon in science as in many other things.

Lord Dufferin is chancellor of the Royal university, of which Thomas Arnold is lecturer on English literature. In the same institution are Dr. Sigerson, the author of "Irish Land Tenures" and a volume of admirable poems. He is also a practicing physician of eminence, and an ardent nationalist. One may find here any number of stories about Burke of "Burke's Peerage," which was written in a little room in this ancient town; and many lovers of Archbishop Trench delight in recalling the pleasant hours spent with that charming man in the years when he was devoting himself a little to preaching and a great deal to philological recreation.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward was a special guest of the *Cosmopolitan* club the other night. She was accompanied by her father, who is the second son of Arnold of Rugby. "Tom Brown's" Arnold. Mrs. Ward does not very closely resemble the portraits of her which have become most familiar. She is not dark, austere, and acute of face, as might be inferred from the sharp outlines of the black and white sketches. On the contrary, she is of that medium type between blonde and brunette which is popularly denominated "fair." Her head is not strikingly large; her features are long and not perfectly regular, expressive of power and continuity rather than of effeminate dilettantism. Her forehead is pretty well concealed by the old style of combing the hair down smoothly on either side. Her hair has a positive tendency to wrinkle and wave—to crinkle, rather, like waves under a very gentle wind.

Her eyes are full, luminous, and one would be venturesome to say of what color, perhaps gray, perhaps chestnut, perhaps brown or blue. They are of various hues according

to the external light and the internal occupation. They look gravely brown when she thinks long at a time upon the same subject; they become childishly blue and merry when the smiles part the rather full lips (especially is the upper lips full) and she gives forth a pleasant, although obviously a restrained laugh. Her hands, as they escaped now and then from silken draperies, proved to be large, shapely and artistic.

She wore a white gown cut in a way that may be called a modification of the reigning style. It was not rigorous *directoire*, but presented the favorite long lines of that favorite mode. Her figure being easily suited, being tall, pliable, and well proportioned, she would look well in anything; but her graceful presence was somewhat hidden by her evening mantle, which she did not discard, its copious folds falling around her, sybil-like, as she sat quite at ease, simple and free from self-consciousness, yet knowing that she was the cynosure of a brilliant company. One would not call her beautiful or even a handsome woman; but she impresses every one with the dignity, the strength and the reserve of her intellectual force, and is as amiable and kindly in manner as if she were the unknown author of "Miss Bretherton," instead of, perhaps, the most widely known novelist living, and the undoubted successor of her illustrious country woman, George Eliot. I am not sure that the latter phrase is justified, for Thomas Arnold went to New Zealand in his youth as an inspector of schools, and from that country was transferred by the British colonial office, of which he was a subordinate, to Tasmania. There he married Julia Sorrel, granddaughter of a former governor, and there Mary Augusta, their eldest daughter, was born. The relationship between father and daughter, strange to say, is the foundation of "Robert Elsmere" the intellectual and moral relationship, for, all gossip to the contrary, it is true that in the evolution and devolution of her father's religious beliefs the daughter found the genesis of her hero-preacher. Old Dr. Arnold, it will be remembered, lived a good part of his august and beautiful life amid the surroundings and within the precincts that transferred so large a number of Oxford scholars to the communion of Rome. He firmly believed in the divinity of Christ, although somewhat disposed to Unitarianism in other matters. He was at one time expected to follow Newman, but he lingered with Keble. One of his sons, Matthew, became in time the disciple more of Francis than of John Henry Newman; but Thomas Arnold, the younger, entered, while in Tasmania, the Church of Rome. On returning to England he prayed, meditated, and studied at the oratory in Birmingham, within the shadow of Joseph Chamberlain's modest old home, which he has discarded for a pretentious new one; but after the lapse of a few years, a portion of the period being spent as professor in the now defunct Catholic university in Dublin, Mr. Arnold discarded the dogmas of Roman Catholicism and returned to Oxford, very much in the condition of another character in the novel, who believed nothing. It was while he was engaged on his various text books there that his daughter met Thomas Humphrey Ward, whose father was vicar of St. Barnabas's, King's square, London, and who in his younger days was as conservative in his religious views as he is now indefinite in them. Mrs. Ward assisted him in the preparation of the critical estimates of many of the "English Poets," their colleagues being Matthew Arnold, Thomas Arnold, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, George Saintsbury, Dowden, Austin Dobson, Swinburne, the Dean of Westminster (Stanley), and the late Lord Houghton. The conversation upon music and art which so abounds in "Robert

Elsmere" discloses the companionship of Mrs. Ward with her husband, who is one of the most accomplished writers on these subjects in England.

It was, therefore, as inevitable that Mrs. Ward should deal with the religious problem in her first successful book, as that George Eliot, also cradled in professional religiousness, should deal with the same perplexing phenomena in life and conduct. She spoke at the Cosmopolitan upon the same theme. The subject nominally under discussion was whether the world would not be quite as moral without Christianity. It was chosen in deference to the distinguished guest. The company would have been delighted to hear her speak on any subject; but on one she was eminently fitted to discuss she showed an obstinate reticence due in part to the sophistries of some of the loquacious scholastics present, who are as hair-splitting in Dublin as their ancestors were in Paris or Bologna centuries ago; and in part, perhaps, to a high-bred unwillingness to seem to make shop of her own work: Her father spoke readily and effectively, but not with a view to registering himself on either side of the proposition. The majority of the speakers were quite willing to believe that the morality of Platonism was as pure as that of Christ, Hellenic culture being a favorite in both old and the more modern Royal University. The discussion drifted away from the direct interrogatory and became a more assertive talk, in which somebody at last aroused Mrs. Ward by saying that there was no morality left in the world except among the aristocracy. The assertion was preposterous, of course, but it was ingeniously and persuasively made, the alleged excess of crime among the lower classes and the strong Philistinism of the middle classes being cited in its support. Mrs. Ward shook her head very emphatically and at last entered the lists.

Her voice is clear, sympathetic, and finely cadenced, the pitch being agreeably variable and the intonation indicating the careful habit of thinking clearly before speaking, and of speaking in the best language and with a delicate sense of voice quality. Her manner is wholly free from forensic suggestion or didactic assumptiveness. She might have talked about the weather in the same musical, colloquial way. Nor did she appear to be conscious of saying aught of the least importance, but every word was listened to with eager attention. She said in effect that morality was not the exclusive possession of any portion of the world, or of any class, and pressed, with eloquent but well restrained vehemence, the point that throughout the mass of the English people especially, there is a sturdy and real morality which does not label itself aggressively as Christian or other, but is in aim and in inspiration Christian. Without offering any disparaging words in relation to the aristocracy and their virtues, it was manifest that she did not esteem them monopolists of morality in their day, Christian or other. It was impossible to deduce from her words, which were happily chosen without strain or affectation, whether she had any belief on the main question under consideration.

In private conversation Mrs. Ward can be either gay and humorous—and richly so—or impressive and refreshing. Her power of conversation extends over many topics. She has essentially an æsthetic rather than a philosophic or scientific mode of looking at everything, and I fancy would be liable to apply standards of taste where more syllogistic logicians would insist upon colder methods of investigation. When free from the bonds that effect on semi-public occasions every cultivated woman, Mrs. Ward is pungent, brilliant and witty; but on this occasion she seemed to be studying unusual types of human beings rather than to be con-

cerned in expressing herself. Indeed here reserve was noticeable.

Her father states that she and her family were simply astonished at the success of her novel. Wise and devoted counselors, after reading the manuscript, gravely discouraged her from attempting to print it. When, despite their timidity, she found a publisher, her household and intimate friends, who were in the secret, expected that it might possibly attract the attention of a few reviewers. That it should become, as it still indeed is, the sensation of years, was and is to them a mystery. It is confidently asserted that Mrs. Ward will visit New York next winter.—*The Oregonian*.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A., AND P. A. REPORTS

##### MALAD STAKE.

The Relief Society Conference of the Malad Stake of Zion was held in Malad City on August 18th commencing at 10, A. M. Pres. Lucinda Hoskins Presiding. Pres. of Stake Oliver C. Hoskins and Counselors and several Members of the High Council were also on the stand. Meeting opened by singing. "The morning breaks." Prayer was offered by Bishop George Stewart. Singing by the Choir, minutes of last Conference and Stake Report were read and approved. The Pres. of the various branches gave verbal reports showing a marked improvement among the sisters, and a determination to go ahead and live their religion and keep the commandments of God, all the sisters had determined to look after the wants of the poor and visit the sick and see that they did not lack for the necessaries of life. Several of the brethren and sisters bore their testimony to the work of the Lord. Conference adjourned until 2 p. m. Singing, Benediction by Counselor Wm. H. Gibbs.

Afternoon Session: Meeting convened at 2 p. m. Pres. L. Hoskins presiding, after the usual opening exercises Pres Oliver C. Hoskins addressed the Conference, felt happy to see so many of the sisters assembled in this Conference and to hear the reports from the different Wards, exhorted the sisters to stand firm in their religion and teach their sons and daughters the principles of the Gospel and teach them to be prayerful and to honor the Priesthood and to live in the fear and admonition of the Lord, said he appreciated the work of the Sisters knew that the Relief Societys was doing a good work, gave many other timely instructions which were listened to with great interest by all present. Counselor Wm. H. Gibbs said he was pleased with the remarks of the brethren and sisters during this Conference spoke on the subject of education also the proper rearing of our children, gave much good advice and instruction to the sisters.

Pres. Lucinda Hoskins felt to rejoice in the instruction we had received during this Conference spoke on several different subjects gave much good instruction exhorted the sisters to attend their meetings and be diligent in all things pertaining to the Church and Kingdom of God.

Conference adjourned for three months. Singing, "Guide us O Though Great Jehovah!" Benediction was pronounced by Brother Jesse Dredge.

ELIZA A. HALL. Stake Sect.

##### BEAR LAKE STAKE.

Minutes of the Ladies' Semi annual Conference held at St Charles July 13th and 14th 1889. Saturday 10 a. m. Pres Julia P. Lindsey presiding, Choir sang "Praise Ye the Lord." Prayer by Wm M. Allred. Choir sang "I saw a mighty angel fly." Roll of Stake officers was called, minutes read and approved, verbal reports from the several branches were given in the usual order.

Pres. Lindsey then addressed the congregation on the subject of charity and of performing our different obligations in a manner that would be satisfactory to ourselves and acceptable to God. Would like to see each branch of the Relief Society in Bear Lake Stake more energetic in sending some one to report the respective organizations. Referred briefly to some of the calamities that were now being visited upon the nations of the earth, and the importance of living lives of true Latter-day Saints.

Coun. E. Collings was the next speaker. She bore her testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and made some very encouraging remarks to those who were striving to live their religion. Pres. Annie Laker spoke for a short time on the training of children and the obligations parents were under to God when he entrusted children to their care.

Singing "One by one the sands are running" &c.

Benediction by Bishop Matthews.

Sunday, 2 P M. July 14th 1889, Pres J. P. Lindsey presiding, among those who were seated on the stand were Pres. Wm. Budge and Bishops J. A. Hunt and R. Calder, Choir sang "A message from on high." Opening prayer by Bishop Calder. Choir sang "I know that My Redeemer lives" &c. Sacrament was then administered.

The Statistical and Financial report was then read by the Stake Secretary. Pres. Lindsey spoke for a short time, touching upon many subjects that were of interest to the Latterday Saints. Dwelt for a short time on the subject of storing grain and looking after the poor.

Coun. E. Collings referred briefly to some few items of interest to the Relief Society, and closed her remarks by asking the blessings of God upon all who were striving to keep his commandments.

John Bagley said it is only by the spirit of God that we can be fed on such occasions as these. It is necessary for a mother to understand the Gospel in order that she may teach it to her children. Referred to the two thousand young men spoken of in the Book of Mormon who were taught certain principles by their mothers, and if mothers fail to teach their children correct principles they will be held accountable.

Amasa Rich said he had come to meeting to be fed on spiritual food, spoke of the different principles taught by those claiming to be Christians in the world. But we are as Latterday Saints known, we have the principles of eternal truth and we should teach them to our children. Those who go into the world to teach the gospel should thoroughly understand its principles. This should be a labor for mothers, while their children are young to teach them the principles of truth.

E. M. Allred felt to rely upon the Spirit of God to assist him when called to address a congregation. Had been interested while listening to remarks of those who had preceded him. Dwelt for a short time on various subjects that were of interest to the people.

Conference adjourned for six months. Singing by the choir.

Benediction by Pres. Wm. Budge.  
I. M. RICH, Secretary.

##### THEIR AGES.

Sarah Orne Jewett will be forty next September, Humphrey Ward is thirty-eight, Lucy Larcum is sixty-three, Harriet Prescott Spofford is fifty-four, Edith M. Thomas is fifty-five, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) is fifty-nine, Amelie Rives-Chandler will be twenty six next August, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is thirty-nine, and she published her first story

when only eighteen, Celia Thaxter is fifty-three, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) is fifty-seven, Rose Terry Cook is sixty-two, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward was forty-five in August, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is twenty-seven, Constance Fenimore Woolson is forty-one, nobody ever found out the exact age of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her age forty-four, Mrs. Margaretta Wade Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is thirty-one, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is fifty-one, and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is at least eight years older, though the records are not quite sure upon this delicate point. To take some of the most popular of the male authors who are writing now, F. Marion Crawford is thirty-five, and he wrote "Mr. Isaacs" when only twenty seven, Robert Louis Stevenson is thirty-nine, W. D. Howells is fifty-two, E. W. Howe, whose "The Story of a Country Town" made so great a hit, is thirty-five, Bret Harte is forty-nine, Julian Hawthorne is forty-three, Richard Malcom Johnson is sixty-seven, and Rossiter Johnson is forty-nine, Arlo Bates is thirty-nine, Walter Besant is fifty-one, Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be fifty-three next November, William Black is forty-eight, William H. Bishop is forty-two, General Lew Wallace is sixty-two, and he wrote "Ben Hur" when fifty-one, John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," is forty-seven, Joel Chandler Harris is forty one, George W. Cable is forty-four, Edward Eggleston is fifty-one, and looks fifteen years older, H. H. Boyesen is forty, H. C. Bunner is about thirty-eight, James Anthony Froude has begun now to write novels at the age of seventy-one, Frank R. Stockton is fifty-five, William Hamilton Gibson is forty-eight, Thomas Nelson Page is thirty-six, James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852, James Payn is fifty-nine, Brander Matthews is thirty-seven, J. T. Trowbridge is sixty-one, and Jules Verne is the same age, while Edgar Fawcett was forty-two on May 26th last.

Ex. WM. J. BOK.

#### KOSSUTH GROWING OLD.

"Eight hundred Hungarians made a pilgrimage to Turin to do homage to Kossuth. They had a grand banquet at which Kossuth, now aged eighty-seven, made a speech an hour and a quarter long, marked with the same great rhetorical powers that distinguished him of old. He still mourns the dual government of the Austrian Empire and the rule of the Hapsburgs, and declared that he could not return to his native country so long as it formed part of the government of Austria. He is writing his memoirs, though he is so apt to drop into reveries on past times that the work goes on very slowly."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

A vein of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill.—J. A. Maçon.

I never have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.—Uncle Esek.

Mercy puts an argument in the mouth of prayer, a glass to the eye of faith, and a harp in the hand of thankfulness.

Greatness is rarely born of the multitude. Individual power is the product of a wide horizon. Inspiration springs from solitude, and the infinite comes nearer as the finite recedes from the mental vision; only solitude must not be filled with self.—A. W. Tourgæe.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things, but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony, true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.—Chesterfield.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Again we are called upon to chronicle the death of a beloved sister and friend.

Sister Jane Hone Lee died at American Fork Aug 23rd 1889, of Pleurisy of the heart, aged 55 years and 8 months. Sister Lee, with her family has lived at American Fork for the last 27 years, and has been a teacher in the Relief Society since its organization. She was a true wife and mother, and a good friend, and, notwithstanding she had been in delicate health for several years, she was very diligent in the discharge of her duty, never missing her meetings if she was able to be there; and always bore a strong and faithful testimony to the truth of the gospel and also to the gift of healing. She was cheerful under all circumstances and though a great sufferer at times, she never murmured at the providences of God, but had always a word of encouragement for others, and a reliance on the Almighty that carried her through her afflictions. Her husband and family feel deeply their loss, as they were fondly attached to her. The funeral was held at the Meeting House and was largely attended. Several of the Brethren spoke of the good character and devotion of the departed, and also gave advice and consolation to the family and friends.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Relief Society, that, whereas, the Lord has called from our midst by the hand of death, our beloved Sister Jane Hone Lee, therefore,

resolved, that we recognize in the death of our sister, the loss of an able and efficient teacher in the Relief Society of American Fork ward.

Resolved, that we esteem her past, faithful labors and great devotion to duty, as worthy the respect and emulation of all.

Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and family in the loss of a kind wife and affectionate mother.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon our records, and that a copy be presented to the bereaved family, and also one to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT for publication.

Committee. EMMA FEATHERSTONE.  
CHARLOTTE SHELLEY,

#### OBITUARY.

Sophia Minerva Foster Burgess peacefully passed away on the 1st, day of Sept, at 4 o'clock p. m. at the residence of Bishop William H. Lee, Woodruff, Rich Co., Utah.

She was born April 12th, 1810 in Madison, New Haven Co., Ct. She first heard and received the Gospel in Vermont while on a visit to relatives, was baptized Dec. 31st, 1837, and immediately gathered with the saints to Kirtland Ohio, remaining there about five years, during this period the temple was finished and dedicated and she received many blessings therein, was present when the Twelve and first Seventy were called and ordained; her acquaintance with the Smith family was intimate from whom she received many favors and blessings. Her testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph was true to the last. On the 1st, day of July 1835 she was married to Harrison Burgess, shared in the Missouri persecution a portion of the time being sick and nearly helpless, returned with the saints to Illinois and after the completion of the temple assisted in the labor performed therein. Was one of the Pioneer daughters in the settlement of these mountain valleys. She lived in Salt Lake City until 1862 when in connection with her husband they answered a call to the Southern mission; has done work for over 1,000 dead kindred in the St. George Temple. In April 1889, she came to Woodruff to visit her two nieces Harriet Carter Lee and Ruth Carter Cornia. She was a firm believer in the principles of the Gospel and died in the full hope of a glorious Resurrection the meeting beyond will be a joyful one.

S. C. PUTNAM.



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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 18.

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[For the EXPONENT]

## DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

Dear old friends, the long remember'd,  
Come and smile on me once more,  
Calm bright eyes that long have slumber'd,  
Wake to life! as erst of yane!  
Gentle tones and kindly greetings,  
Which I loved so much to hear,  
Still my poor heart's anxious beating,  
Come, and quiet doubt and fear.  
Tremblingly I wait and listen.  
For the tones I held most dear,  
Sadly in mine eye doth glisten,  
Recollections pensive tear.

Mem'ries on my soul are thronging,  
Of the dear old days long past,  
Precious seasons, now seculling,  
Dear friends shall we meet at last?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sunny and golden the mem'ries,  
Like the flush that herald's dawn,  
Are the old friends, the true-hearted,  
Cherished in days that are gone.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

## GOLDEN-ROD

O Golden rod,  
What is this pain that thrills my very heart  
When I thy beauty see?  
Why do the ready tear-drops ever start  
At e'en the sight of thee?  
Have thy rich tresses stolen from the day  
Its very heart of gold?  
Else what this shadow drearishome doth lay  
On all that I behold?

O Golden-rod,  
First harbinger of Summer's swift decline,  
Of fading and decay,  
When fainter seems the suns that o'er us shine,  
Night shades the shortening day,  
So swift, so short the circle of the years!  
The seasons come and go,  
And scarce the fragile violet appears.  
Ere comes the time of snow!

Yet, Golden rod,  
A glory scarce of earth is thine, me seems—  
This pain, like pure alloy,  
Seems to enhance the luster of the gleams  
Of fuller, purer joy.  
For night is but the shadow of the day,  
And winter of the spring;  
Though all are silent now, the song birds' lay  
Again through woods shall ring,

Dear Golden rod,  
Like thine, it may be, shall that angel's face  
Shine goldenly and far,  
Who soon shall call me from this lower place  
To realms of purer air.  
Though at first sight of him a solemn pain  
My inmost soul may fill,  
Later I shall see radiance, and joy's strain  
Shall all my being thrill.

META E. B. THORNE.

The Hearth.

## "GOD HATH HIS PLAN FOR EVERY MAN."

Take this maxim home to your heart,  
If groping in earth's shadows;  
And the blossoms of faith and hope will start  
And brighten life's dreary meadows,  
And the clouds give place to sunlight's gold,  
And the rocks grow green 'neath the mosses;  
"God hath His plan  
For every man."

Though mingled with flowers and crosses.

Though weary and long the time may seem,  
Ere the veil of the future be lifted,  
And many a radiant hope and dream  
Have into oblivion drifted;  
Yet after a while the light will come,  
And after a while the glory:  
"God hath His plan  
For every man,"

And the angels whisper the story.

Then why should ye murmur, and sigh, and fret,  
And follow each bent and calling?  
The violet patiently waits to be wet  
With the dews at the night time falling;  
And the robin knows that the spring will come,  
Though the winds are around her wailing;  
"God hath His plan  
For every man,"

And His ways are never-failing

Then gird ye on the armor of faith,  
And onward your way keep pressing:  
It may be through valleys of carnage and death,  
Or up on the Mount of Blessing;  
And if by His counsel guided, at last  
He'll lead you up to your glory;  
"God hath His plan  
For every man,"  
And the angels whisper the story.

## ON MARRIAGE.

My eye caught a sentence reading thus:  
"Marriages are made in heaven."

Now I will quote scripture, St. Luke Ch. 22-34, 35, Vs.

The question was asked by the Sadducees of Christ, "whose wife of seven husbands would the woman be, in the resurrection. And Jesus answering said: "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage, but they who shall be counted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Eph. Ch. 5-28, 29, vs. "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church.

1 Corinthians Ch. 11-11, vs. "Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord," Ch. 8-39, vs. "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth, but if her husband be

dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord." By these passages of scripture we can draw definite conclusions. That God has a law instituted in His church that makes the marriage ceremony binding in this life and the world to come. For whenever God has had a church upon the earth He has given His servants the power and authority to marry, that is to bind on earth and in heaven. God does not put this seal and sanction to any other law that man may make, man's law only binds together until death doth us part." Adam, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Solomon, David, Sarah, Hannah, Ruth, Elizabeth and all those ancient saints of God entered into the everlasting covenant of marriage and God blessed them, and their increase was without end. How necessary then that the young brethren and sisters who enter into this covenant of marriage should be true and faithful to each other, never speak against or deny the order that God has instituted, or make light of the higher law that will lead them into the Celestial Kingdom of our Heavenly Father. We read, "That straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life eternal and few there be that find it. But dear Latter-day Saints we should not be ignorant in regard to these doctrines and principles made so plain to our understanding if we will but give heed to them. Marriage is honorable to all that enter into it aright and have in view its sacredness. "Verily, verily I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory."

MARY ANN M. PRATT.

Salt Lake City, Oct 17, 1889.

## HEPHZIBAH.

X.

What wonders, and what changes time hath wrought  
E'en down among the old New England hills  
New light and revelation hath been taught,  
That ev'ry fibre of one's being thrills

And sure enough the Mormon Elders preached in the little Puritanical village—in the schoolhouse, and a large number of people gathered to hear what new thing they had to tell;—and forsooth they found only the same old story of salvation through the Messiah who would yet come in power and great glory to possess the kingdom; but the strangest part of all was that no one seemed to have comprehended the Bible until these Mormon Elders gave them a key by means of which they could unlock the sayings of the Savior and his Apostles, and the Bible seemed to them a new book. Even on the first evening many were impressed with the truths uttered by these unlearned men, and several applied for baptism at the close of the first meeting. So plain had been the explanations given in regard to the remission of sins through Baptism and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, that those who received the glad tidings with willing hearts rejoiced and were exceedingly glad and desired that others, who had not heard should have the opportunity of hearing the same inspired teachings.

On the following day the news spread through the village and the town like wild-fire that two strangers preaching new doctrines had made such a sensation and created so much enthusiasm among the staid and quiet people, that several of the members of the Congrega-

tional Church, and some who had never made a profession of any religion, were to be baptized in a pond just a little way south of the village.

The minister on whom the Elders had called the day before was so excited over the news when he heard it, that he went from house to house among his parishioners to ascertain particulars, and if possible to protect them from the snares of the adversary of souls, and induce them to use their utmost endeavors "to persuade the deluded ones to give up such foolish notions as having their sins remitted by going down into the water, for it was only a species of Catholicism this promise to remit sins." But it was all in vain the seed had been scattered and it found root and grew and flourished and eventually bore good fruit.

There had never been at any time in the history of the oldest inhabitant of that little village such an exciting time. The baptisms were performed as the people who had been converted requested, though the weather was cold in that section of country even in November, but none of those who had asked to be baptized seemed in the least to fear the cold water, it was a glorious sight to gaze upon these baptisms in this quiet country place and the confirmation afterwards at a house near by where they went to change their clothing. The new converts hovered around the Elders playing them with question almost innumerable, so earnest were they in their desires to gain further information.

Finally after remaining about three days preaching every evening and answering questions throughout the day, the Elders traveled onward, leaving those whom they had baptized in charge of a brother a resident there, whom they appointed to preside for a few days until they should return, and resume the work so successfully begun. Among the very first who believed the truths taught by the Elders was Mrs. Hathaway who had been looking forward to just such an event as had transpired, the coming of a prophet and the restoration of all things. The minister brought to bear all his learning, wisdom and influence to show up the errors and misinterpretations of Scripture as he called their preaching and logic. But those who had heard knew it was not sophistry or delusion, and that there was no such misinterpretation of Scriptural truths as he represented, for they were told by the Elders to take the literal meaning of the Word of God.

The conflict between the Church people and those who had accepted the idea of new revelation was a bitter one, and the consequence was a gradual division that at last became permanent. One cannot help feeling that the commandment given to the Saints to gather unto one place is necessary, when it is considered how indignant and revengeful the people become towards those who accept the principles of "Mormonism." so called, but in reality the true Gospel.

Meantime though persecution raged one might say, yet the Saints met together and the gifts of the Gospel were poured out in a wonderful manner, not only in the gift of tongues and the interpretation thereof but in the healing of the sick and afflicted, so much so that Doctors became alarmed as well as ministers.

In a neighborhood about five miles from the village on a farm, the mistress of the house, the mother of a large family had lain ill for many years. Eminent physicians had pronounced her ailments incurable, and her family had given up all hopes of her ever coming down stairs again.

The husband of the sick woman heard the Mormon Elders preach, and repeat the saying of the Savior to his disciples, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel &c.—and he

that believeth and is baptized shall be saved \* \* &c.—and these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name they shall cast out devils, shall speak with new tongues, and if they lay hands on the sick they shall recover, and so forth. Mr. W.—pondered over these words and he believed them; and the Elders also said many had been healed under the administration of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the present day, as well as in former times. Faith seemed at once to be implanted in the heart of Mr. W.—he sought an interview with the Elders, he invited them to his house, he listened to their teachings, and soon became converted to the doctrines they taught. He told them of the condition of his wife, and asked them if there was a possibility of her being healed by faith. The Elders answered, "if she is not appointed unto death, and if she will believe sufficiently to allow us to administer to her in the ordinance of the laying on of hands she will be raised up and you will have her in your midst again fully restored." Mr. W.—listened in astonishment, yet he believed, and accordingly he took the Elders with him up into the chamber of the sick woman and introduced them to his afflicted wife saying, "these are the Elders of whom I told you, who preach repentance and baptism by immersion and the laying on of hands, not only for confirmation and the gift of the Holy Ghost but also for the healing of the sick and afflicted even as in the days of the Savior." "Are you willing to listen to them and if you can comprehend as I do the truth of these things, we will ask for baptism at their hands?"

The Elders remained a short time conversing with the sick woman, and she received their teaching with the humility of a little child, and her faith was such that she desired baptism but how could she obtain it she asked, "I am not able to sit up or to be dressed and how can I be baptized?" said she and the tears flowed down her palid cheeks.

One of the Elders replied, "Mrs. W.—if you have faith in our administration we will lay hands upon your head, and ask our Heavenly Father to heal you and you shall be restored to health, and go down into the waters of baptism, return again to your home, and go about your daily work as you did before this illness came upon you."

"I will exercise faith, for I believe you are men of God I see it in your countenances, and I feel a power such as I have never experienced before." O if my boys were only here to see you and to hear you as I do, what would they say?"

Her husband interposed saying the boys should be written to immediately, and that she must not trouble about them, they would come home and hear for themselves.

Finally the Elders administered to her and she was healed, and the following day with her husband and two or three of the younger children she walked a little distance from the house, to where there was a running stream of water, and they were all baptized and confirmed into the Church, and the words spoken to her by the Elders were literally fulfilled.

This manifestation of the power of healing caused a great commotion; many of the people round about were well acquainted with Mrs. W.'s—condition, and could not account for the miracle that had been wrought, for they knew some power had been exercised in her behalf. Her two eldest sons who were away in College were sent for to come home, that they might know for themselves of this wonderful change. One of them, the eldest was preparing for the ministry, the other to graduate in medicine. They came home, they heard the teaching of the Elders, and the testimony of their mother upon the healing

power manifest through the holy priesthood, and they soon became convinced it was something which far exceeded the learning of the world. They gave up their worldly professions, they became converted to the Gospel which their parents had embraced, and they too were baptized, and afterwards ordained, and proclaimed the glad tidings and truths taught them to all who would hear. But the young men with whom they had studied would not accept the message they brought, and ridiculed them for believing what they knew and testified to be the truth. It was hard for them, but they found immediately after their baptism, that they could not finish the studies they had intended at the College; prejudice was too bitter, and all sorts of rumors concerning the "Mormons," were retailed at large. But these young men had counted the cost, and had decided to serve God, and preach the Everlasting Gospel, revealed again through Joseph Smith, instead of accepting earthly honors and false creeds. And here for a little time we will leave them, rejoicing in their new-found faith, enjoying the gifts and blessings pertaining thereto.

#### TRIFLING.

Human nature is far from perfect, even the best of men and women have many faults, yet of all faults the most deplorable in my sight is trifling.

As we pass through life what sadder sight do we see than a man who has trifled away his talents, even though they were of no more than ordinary merit? Had his talents been cultivated no doubt many a man might have made a name for himself in some profession, or as a man of letters, who is now no honor to his family and a burden to society.

We have an example of a man born with more than ordinary talent in our poet Poe. He died in the prime of life in the gutter—intoxicated. He has left us weird tales which are of the first rank in literature, but after reading them we can not help thinking what might he have done had he not trifled with the genius with which he was endowed by his Maker.

Let us say with the sage "Make me neither better nor worse than my fellow man," for in mediocrity is safety. We cannot all be geniuses neither are we all born with feeble minds, yet if the human mind is not exercised how can we expect it to retain its original activity?

We are as yet school-boys and school-girls, and it is now that our characters are being formed. If we trifle now we will regret it in the years to come. Let us hope that in after years we shall not have it said of us, "He might have been a credit to his friends and himself had he not trifled away his time."

ISABEL SEARS.

WOMAN:—You talk about the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering in the brains of so many men of genius.—O. W. Holmes.

OVER-WORKED WIFE AND MOTHER.—Nothing is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty, but she most singularly fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife or mother—a woman who is tired all her life through.

## CAROLINE ASHURST BIGGS.

A pearl is lost from Honor's stainless crown!  
Ay! but the Angels carried it above.  
The task God bade His servant here lay down,  
Was but the prelude to His life of love.  
Above the blossoms of pure woman-life  
(Not all unmingled with the laurel's sheen)  
The Past's full measure of a noble strife,  
The sobbing wail of all that might have been:  
Glow like the glory of the setting sun,  
The radiance of the welcome home, "Well done!"

WARNER SNOAD.

THE LILIES, LEE, S. E.

Sept. 7, 1889.

## EVEN DEFEAT DEFEATED.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

"O will the right not triumph at the last?"  
We cry, as sick at heart we view earth's plain,  
Where love and hate have grappled once again,  
Renewed the ceaseless warfare of the past,  
The unending struggle, still so fierce, so vast,  
And still for answer comes the impassioned strain:  
"When first the Universe sprang from God's brain,  
And forth into the formless void was cast,  
He said that it was good; and so to-day,  
In firmest faith we answer give once more:  
The right must triumph, death and hell must die,  
Though proud they stretch to clutch the sky away  
Wherein the bow of promise, as of yore,  
Proclaims the surety given by God Most High."

Ex.

## IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE.

OF LITTLE OWEN HOWARD.

In realms of peace, love, joy and light,  
As pure as an immortal flower."  
Where Jesus and His angels dwell  
In midst of glory, and great power.

Where all good spirits dwell in peace,  
Where there's no suffering to mar  
The spirits of departed souls,  
Wh'v'e gone to live where glories are.

Dear little Owen's but gone back,  
To his own blessed home above;  
To mingle with his little friends,  
With whom he used to live, and love.

Jesus alone, can you console,  
And comfort, with His spirit sweet  
As He has done at countless times,  
Of those who have followed at His feet.

Jesus had sorrows all His life,  
When there were few to show their love,  
But being filled with Holy Grace  
Like His own Father up above,

He fought His battles brave and true,  
He counted not His trials vain,  
For "through long suffering" said He  
"Were perfect made for heavenly aim."

With Jesus, prophets, angels now,  
Your baby is in glory placed,  
And he will wait for you to come  
And mingle with the good and blessed

Lovingly,

ZINA E. CROCHERON.

Bountiful, Sept. 8th, 1889.

## FAITH WHAT IS IT?

We are told it is a gift of God. You may then ask as a friend once said to me: Am I to blame if faith has not been given to me? Let us reflect. We read in holy writ that the just shall live by faith. Romans 1st chap. 17 v. Will our Father withhold any thing from us which we justly merit. Are we just and true to ourselves and our fellows: Being made in the image of God should not we possess the

same attributes or virtues? We can love and also hate that which annoys and vexes us, if we choose: not governing that passion; which charity sometimes prompts us to do in this fallen world; for human nature is frail at best: Accordingly when light and truth take possession of our minds we find that these virtues are really ours but lie dormant until called into action by gospel truths, then our attention is attracted by things of such great importance that trifles that annoy and vexed us at other times are hardly noticeable now, we look at them as only passing events which will soon disappear, for in reality these have but little weight and will soon be blown away as chaff.

In my opinion those who have cultivated the gift of faith in God our Father can tell us best what the benefits are of the same. The Apostle Paul is certainly one of those persons. He says: Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; The Prophet Joseph said, the appearance of things hoped for, etc. We can here form a correct idea of what faith is.

The Book of Mormon illustrates it still more clearly to my mind. On page 300 we read the words of the Prophet Alma thus. Now as I said concerning faith, that it was not a perfect knowledge, even so with my words. Ye can not know of this surety at first, unto perfection, any more than faith is a perfect knowledge. But behold if ye will awake and arouse your faculties even to an experiment upon my words, and exercise a particle of faith, even to desire to believe, let this desire work in you even until you believe in a manner that ye can give place for a portion of my words.

He then compares the word unto a seed that may be planted in your heart, "behold if it be a true seed, or a good seed, and if ye do not cast it out by your unbelief, that ye resist the Spirit of the Lord, behold it will begin to swell within your breasts; and when you feel these swelling motions, ye will begin to say, it must needs be that this is a good seed, or the word is good, for it beggineth to enlarge my soul, and to enlighten my understanding, yea it is delicious to me."

The Prophet Alma goes on to say, after proper nourishment a sprout will shoot out, then another, until it becomes a tree. But if neglected it may then die. Accordingly you must nourish the tree until you obtain the fruit. Then you have obtained a knowledge through your diligence and faithfulness which is equal to the fruit of the tree of life. It is no longer faith it is knowledge.

But if ye neglect the tree and take no thought for its nourishment, behold it will not get any root, and when the heat of the sun cometh and scorcheth it, because it hath no root, it withers away; and ye pluck it up and cast it out. Now this is not because the seed was not good, neither was it because the fruit of it was not desirable; but it was because your ground was barren, and ye will not nourish the tree, therefore ye cannot have the fruit thereof, and thus if ye will not nourish the word looking forward with an eye of faith to the fruit thereof, ye can never pluck of the fruit of the tree of life.

This reminds me of our Savior's prayer for His disciples. His prayer to His Father was: "Sanctify them through thy truth thy word is truth.

Emanuel Swedenborg who was born in Sweden also says. You cannot build anything on earth which will reach heaven. He says that the scriptures and words of inspired men are a ladder let down from heaven for our benefit, and the only way to ascend to God, our Father.

We also remember the rich man who asked father Abraham to send some one to his brethren, lest they come to this place of tor-

ment. The answer was "they have Moses and the prophets, if they will not hear them neither will they listen though one arose from the dead.

Can we find a more important lesson? Or one more worthy of our diligent and faithful study. In my opinion we should be as earnest as those who study science, believing the result will be that which arrives to perfection. Then great will be our joy and rejoicing, both in this world and also in the next.

M. E. KIMBALL.

Oct. 22nd 1889.

A. A. W.

The Association for the Advancement of Women held their Seventeenth Congress in Unity Church, Broadway, Denver, Colorado, October 8th, 9th and 10th. Executive session at 10 o'clock a. m. Public sessions at 2.30 and 8 o'clock p. m. At evening sessions an admittance fee of twenty five cents was charged. A Conference of officers only was held October 7th. Topics of discussion: Civil Marriage, Mrs. E. D. Cheney; Women in Affairs, Mrs. Helen S. Shedd; Women in Science, Miss Laura Linton; Education vs. Examinations, Miss Mary A. Ripley; What Authors are Influencing most the Minds of the Young in America, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer; Hegel's Views of Art, Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell; Crime and its Punishment, Mrs. R. N. Hazard; What we owe to Greek Civilization Mrs. Alice Harris; Statistical Paper, Rev. A. B. Blackwell; Redemptive Power of Art, Mrs. Rebecca D. Rickoff; Common Sense in the Nursery, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith; Symposium: Employment of Prisoners.

## QUEEN ISABELLA.

If asking will secure it, women and their work will have abundant representation at the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus.

The women of Chicago met Aug. 26, and appointed Mrs. Myra Bradwell and Mrs. M. M. Wallace a committee to consult with the national committee to ask for official recognition as an auxiliary. This action was approved, and the Chicago Woman's Department has been incorporated.

A little later Miss Susan B. Anthony made a similar application to the mayor of New York. Now the Woman's Industrial Association of Washington D. C., puts in its claim. No doubt some recognition will be made of women and their work. But whether it be adequate and fitting or not, women have only to "bide their time" to receive all that belongs to them. It has taken four hundred years to find out that Columbus was worthy of a world's celebration. Women are only coming above the horizon. When they are in full sight, and secure in the possession of equal human rights, it will be their own fault if Queen Isabella, the Pilgrim and Puritan mothers, the women of Revolutionary times and the noble women all along the line do not have their proper place wherever common interests are represented. To this end let women unite to secure their right to vote. The power that resides in the ballot is the one strong lever by which to secure equal rights. To-day women are helpless for lack of the ballot. We cannot command what we ought to have, and must take what is offered

L. S.

*Woman's Journal*

\* Celia Logan is editor of *Belford's Magazine*.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

After the Woman's Congress held in Denver had adjourned some of the Eastern ladies paid a visit to Salt Lake. They registered at the Cullen where a reception was tendered them by the ladies of the Woman's Club of this City on Friday evening Oct. 18, commencing at 8 p.m. The parlors of the hotel were brilliantly lighted and the rooms decorated with flowers for the occasion, presumably by the Woman's Club who had the affair in charge. Mrs. Wickersham and Mrs. Froiseith introduced those who called to the distinguished visitors; they were the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell the first woman ever ordained to the ministry in the United States, Mrs. Henrietta L. T. Wolcott, Treasurer of the A. A. W. and Miss Emily Howland an ardent worker in reforms, also Mrs. Lawlor of the A. A. W. A lecture was given by these ladies in the Opera House Sunday evening, which was very well attended though the weather was unfavorable.

Mrs. Wolcott explained briefly and definitely the origin, aim and work of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which holds a Congress annually in one of the large cities of the United States.

Miss Howland followed in a somewhat pathetic speech upon the Temperance question, and Mrs. Blackwell spoke for a short time on general topics giving in brief the general advancement made by women during the last forty years.

On Monday the ladies called at this office and we had an interesting time, Pres. Zina D. H. Young being with us on the occasion, of course the subjects were mostly of our faith, principles and institutions and both Mrs. Young and the writer always take pleasure in explaining the situation of the people before and since the enforcement of the Edmund's law.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Blackwell spoke in St. Mark's schoolhouse, subject "The Nineteenth Century." We very much regretted not hearing her, but had an appointment at Provo the same evening. Mrs. Blackwell has an excellent voice for public speaking, and a most admirable presence, a logical way of presenting her subject, and is very attractive in manner and appearance.

On Tuesday October, 15, we had a pleasant call at this office, from Theresa, Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, England, and the Countess of Selkirk, Scotland. The ladies were accompanied by their maids, who had been traveling with them through the United States. They had some questions to ask concerning our faith and principles, and manifested considerable interest in the condition of women under the enforcement of the Edmund's law. They conversed freely with the writer, giving their own views and opinions upon

popular questions which are being agitated in Great Britain at the present time, and were decidedly in favor of suffrage for women property holders, and especially those who had no man, husband, father or brother to represent their interests. We emphatically maintained it is better to represent one's self than to be dependent upon another even if it be a man, to which sentiments the Ladies assented. We accompanied them to the Temple Block and went over the grounds and public buildings, explaining and answering their questions and giving them such information as the time would permit.

These ladies cultivated, refined and accomplished, accustomed to the society of the highest aristocracy, were very much like other people in sentiment and expression.

They had read W. Hepworth Dixon's books "New America" and another work treating somewhat definitely upon Mormon subjects; they had also read Lawrence O.iphant's views of the Latter-day Saints in Utah.

The Dowager Countess seemed very proud of her ten grandchildren and wished she could show them to us. Both ladies are quite young looking and well-preserved, and both are widows, and if we might venture an opinion on the subject, somewhat strong-minded in view of the fact that they are "doing America," without a gentleman escort.

In a letter received yesterday from the Countess Selkirk she refers kindly to the EXPONENT and asks for other copies; the Ladies were at that date on the banks of the beautiful Hudson; they informed me they intended visiting Washington D. C. before they sailed for England.

## HOME AFFAIRS.

Pres. Zina D. H. Young attended the Stake Conference of the Relief Society of Cache held at Logan last week and returned home Monday evening.

Mrs. Lillie Freeze attended the Conference of the Relief Society, Y. L. M. I. A. and P. A. of Morgan Stake on the 25, 29, and 27, of October ult.

The Relief Society Conference of the Sanpete Stake, will be held in Spring City, on Saturday Dec. 14, meetings commencing at 10, a. m. and at 2 p. m. as usual. Mrs. Mary Ann Hyde President.

On Wednesday October 23, a Woman Suffrage Association was organized at Provo for Utah County, Mrs. Mary J. Tanner Pres. Susa Young Gates, Sec. In our next issue full particulars will be given of the meeting, and also the able address delivered by the Pres. Mrs. Tanner.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howard attended the Emery Stake Relief Society Conference and other meetings in the County, leaving this City on the 17, of October. A Woman Suffrage Association was organized for Emery Co. during Mrs. Howard's visit there of which full particulars have not yet reached us. Joanna P. Curtis is the Cor. Sec., notice will be given of the organization hereafter; names of officers etc.

## IN MEMORIAM.

"The loved and lost!" Why do we eall them lost  
Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

The bright and beautiful month of October when nature plumes herself most royally in scarlet, purple, and golden, and the vines, gardens, groves and hills are bedecked with the many colored Autumn leaves, seems scarcely a fitting time for the angel of death clothed in sombre garments to

make his appearance in a happy household. But so it is, and he "has all seasons for his own." On the 9th, of October ult. one of the saddest events transpired at Devereux House in this City, the sudden death of Mrs. Emma Lettice Jennings Carlisle, not yet the bride of a year's time. So sudden and unexpected was the occurrence that the young husband and the tender mother were totally unprepared. Just about an hour or so previous to her death, Mrs. Carlisle had given birth to a little daughter, and every hope was entertained that she would rally and recuperate gradually. She had everything to live for, a loving and devoted companion to whom she was fondly attached, a babe just opening its eyes upon the new world to be tenderly cared for with a mother's love and maternal devotion, which Mrs. Carlisle possessed naturally, also those attractive home qualities that make family ties more endearing and fasten deeper in the heart the human affections, that when rent asunder make terrible havoc with the households so associated and linked together. Both in the home and in the sick room her influence was a powerful one for good. She was a natural nurse and because of her intense love for such pursuits, had taken a regular course in nursing that she might be prepared to do good among her family and friends and do it systematically in the best and gentlest manner.

Mrs. Carlisle though from her childhood accustomed to every luxury wealth can bring was never carried away with the frivolities of society, but loved better to tread the path of duty and of safety. She was of a religious nature full of faith and integrity to the Gospel. She was devotedly attached to her mother, sisters and brothers, who will sadly miss her calm and serene presence in the home circle, and her wise counsel in matters of importance.

The writer distinctly remembers her appearance at the reception given in honor of her marriage as also that of her sister Maye, for it had been a double wedding, how her face lighted up with the joy of a happy contentment, and how perfect seemed the commencement of her married life. But alas, for all human hopes and aspiration, she was cut down like a flower in full bloom in the midst of a beautiful garden, and we believe only to be transplanted in a more congenial clime, where those spiritual attributes of her nature apparent here will shine forth with increased power and splendor, and she will attain that perfection of beauty in soul and character that surpasses all earthly endowments. May the rich consolations of the Holy Spirit soothe and comfort the mourning husband, mother and friends, and the rich legacy she has left in her noble and wise example ever be a light and a guide to them while sojourning here; and may the little one so early bereft of a mother's care be to them a constant reminder of the one departed and an influence and incentive to follow on where she has gone.

"It bids us do the work that they laid down,  
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again."

Emma Lettice Jennings was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings, and was born in Salt Lake City, Aug. 2, 1866, and was married to Hon. J. E. Carlisle in the Logan Temple, January 3, 1889, and died Oct. 9, 1889, aged—23 years 2 months and 7 days.

Mrs. Carlisle's funeral was held at Devereux House and was numerously attended, Bishop F. Kesler presiding. Singing by the Quartette Messrs. Easton, Spencer, Whitney and Goddard.

"When the swallows homeward fly."

Prayer was offered by Apostle Heber J. Grant-Singing,

"Spin Spin" &c.

Consoling speeches were made by Bishop O. F.

Whitney, Apostle J. H. Smith, Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon and Bishop Kesler. Singing,

"Not dead but sleepeth."

Benediction by Pres. Angus M. Cannon.

A perfect deluge of flowers in every conceivable variety of artistic shapes and forms adorned the house and coffin. For Mrs. Carlisle there is no need to mourn, yet all her friends will shed for her and the sweet babe left behind, a sympathetic tear, and may it be possible for all to say as they bow beneath the rod, "God knew the best."

#### LITERARY NOTE.

The National Magazine for November will contain among other articles "Comparative Philology," by Professor Schele de Vere, Ph.D., J. U. D; of the University of Virginia; Political Science, by Professor Raymond Mayo Smith, A. M., of Columbia College, and "Shakespeare," by F. W. Harkins, Ph.D, Chancellor of the new National University of Chicago, whose instruction by mail and University Extension System for non-residents now meeting with such favor, will also be explained in this number.

In the future numbers will appear a symposium comprising articles by prominent scholars and statesmen giving their opinions on leading questions, such as "Darwin's Theory," "The Chinese Question," "Socialism," and "Should Immigration be Restricted?" Published the first of each month, at 147 Throop Street, Chicago. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. Sample copy 10 cts.

#### U. W. S. A.

A Convention of the U. W. S. A. was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, in this City Monday Oct. 7, commencing at 2 p. m. Mrs. L. D. Alder, Acting Pres., in the Chair. Mrs. Nellie R. Webber, Vice Pres., and Mrs. Maria Y. Dougall, Ch. Ex. Com., were by her side, also Mrs. Ann Groesbeck and Phebe Y. Beattie of the Committee and Miss Rachel Edmunds Ass't Sec. Hon. John T. Caine, Hon. C. W. Penrose, Hon. W. H. King and Prof. Talmage occupied seats on the stand—also Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Mrs. S. M. Kimball, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Mrs. L. G. Richards, and Mrs. M. A. Y. Greenhalgh, Pres. Millard Co. W. S. A. Mrs. Ellen Jakeman Pres. Sanpete Co. W. S. A. and others. The Convention opened with prayer by Dr. E. S. Barney. After reading minutes etc., Prof. Talmage was the first speaker, he alluded to the benefits derived from thought being aroused and discussion begun upon any subject; he thought the fact that woman is still deprived of the franchise is a proof that barbarism still exists; he was not an enthusiast on the subject; but believed that suffrage would be given not as a mercy, but he thought reason and revelation united to convince us that woman is as much queen as man is king; thought it a characteristic of manly nature that man arrogate to himself honors and privileges; he did not think man had a right to delay or intercept the privileges that women are asking for. "Kamschatkans beat their wives into obedience, the Zulu's are little better, the Roman's in the time of the glory of the Roman Empire were not much better, but we in this day regard such scenes as evidences of darkened minds; in this age may God assist to remove error, and grant His divine favor upon the efforts being made to elevate woman."

Hon. C. W. Penrose believed in the rights of women and children as well as the rights of men, one is not in opposition to the other: a senator had said to him "you might as well talk to me of a howling beast, or whirling cyclone as to talk to me of woman suffrage, and the man who helps to confer suffrage upon woman commits a crime next to murder," some argue that women can't vote because they can't go to war and fight. I

think the delay in granting women the right to vote is due in a great measure to women themselves, there are so many women who do not want the responsibility and do not comprehend the advantage it might be to others who are asking for it. One mistake often made is in confusing the terms of suffrage and citizenship, and again one may be entitled to vote and not be eligible to office, keep these three things distinct and seek to become conversant with these subjects and with the laws of municipalities and counties, states, etc., injustice prevails now, but it will not be long until women will be enfranchised and righteousness will prevail from shore to shore and from pole to pole.

Mrs. Z. D. H. Young—said she was reminded of an old saying that she heard when a little girl,

"He who plants pears  
Plants for his heirs."

Mothers and sisters are planting now for the future; sewing good seed, evil is abroad in the world, the traffic in liquor is one of the great causes of crime, would not mothers vote against this crying evil? Yes! spoke of the immense amount of money made for the government by the internal revenue act upon liquor, and the degradation of mothers and wives because of intemperance. Made an eloquent plea for mothers having the right to their own children.

Hon. John T. Caine believed in the rights of women; the taking of the franchise from the women of Utah was simply a political movement to lessen the vote of the people's party; agitation on this question would in time accomplish the desired result, agitation that begun in Mass., brought about the Anti Slavery movement; at present it was impossible to do much towards suppressing saloons except to make the license as high as possible, these liquor people don't want women to vote, it would keep the ballot box too pure, but let us plant the trees and those who come after us will eat the pears.

Hon. Wm. H. King said he had read or heard that the warrior who had vanquished a hundred foes, trembled when before a woman—and he felt the truth of this saying today in standing to address the audience upon this subject. There had never been any question in his mind as to the civil and political rights of women, if mothers can instil patriotism into the hearts of their children, can rear statesmen, why should they not be entrusted with privileges equal to the sons they rear. Women in all ages have been at the bottom of reforms, the United States, Europe, and England especially has been highly favored with women of renown. The speaker once had the privilege of hearing Lord Randolph Churchill speak in the house of Parliament when woman suffrage was being discussed and he put it in this way "Why don't women wear trousers?" It is no reason at all, it does not follow any more than a hundred other differences. Enfranchisement for women is sure to follow in the steps of enlightenment.

An organ solo by Jos. J. Daynes was highly appreciated.

Mrs. L. G. Richards was the next speaker, she looked with a degree of pride on the record made by the women of Utah in the past when they enjoyed the right of franchise, thought the experiences of the present should stimulate us to inform ourselves more fully that we might vote intelligently when the time should come which it certainly would before long.

A beautiful song was charmingly rendered by Miss Viola Pratt.

Bishop Wallace of North Ogden made a powerful speech in favor of the rights of women in all lands, thought it a strange and anomalous position for women to be in, suing to mankind for the right of franchise when every one of these great statesmen and kings, the greatest and the highest, had as a child knelt at the feet of a woman and were taught by her their first lessons.

Many good things were said and solid truths advanced and the Convention was altogether calculated to arouse thought; to publish the minutes in full would be impossible in a paper, it would require to be in pamphlet form.

After the speeches, Mrs. Alder called upon the delegates and Mrs. M. A. Y. Greenhalgh gave a concise report of the Millard Co., organization, its past and present status, and the hopes she entertained for the future development of the members of the Association. Mrs. Greenhalgh also related how forty years ago in Calcutta she had spoken on this very question, and expressed her indignation at the treatment American women received in England at the time of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention.

Mrs. Ellen Jakeman with her babe in her arms made a clear and brief statement of facts concerning what had been done in the Association in Sanpete Co., which was most interesting.

Mrs. Alder briefly reviewed the work accomplished by the W. S. A. at headquarters, after which the Convention adjourned subject to call by the Secretary. Letters were received from other Counties beside those represented on the platform.

#### A PURITAN VILLAGE.

A GLIMPSE OF TOPSFIELD—AN INTERESTING TOWN AS YET UNMODERNIZED.

When the Puritans made their settlement at Salem, the tribe of Agawam owned the land bordering on the Atlantic coast between the Naumkeag and the Merrimac rivers, and inland as far as Andover. Masconomet, their chief, conveyed the present towns of Ipswich and Topsfield to John Winthrop, son of Governor Winthrop, for £20. Thus sacrificing his beautiful hunting-grounds, which abounded in game, he became in his later days dependent upon the colonists. He was buried on Sagamore Hill in the present town of Hamilton. The first occupancy of Topsfield by European settlers dates back to 1635, but its incorporation as a town came some years later. The beautiful broad meadows that border the Agawam (now called Ipswich) river first attracted the early settlers of Ipswich and Salem, and grants of land were given to John Endicott, Simon Bradstreet, Robert Paine and others, who formed a settlement here, to which they gave the name of New Meadows. The present name of Topsfield, which might have been suggested by its hill, was no doubt derived from Toppesfield, England, from which place many immigrants came at an early day and made their home here. Prominent among these was a man named Smith, and there are now extant in the old stone church at Toppesfield England, some interesting memorials of his family; among them one is particularly noticeable, commemorating the virtues and Christian graces of his mother. From this mother in Israel through her line of descendants in this village came Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect, and in the village cemetery here is a monument to the Smith family, erected through the instrumentality of George A. Smith, a Mormon elder, lately deceased. The old town of Toppesfield, England, is said to retain the manners and customs of primitive times, and is far behind its namesake in America in population and general intelligence.

The old Bradstreet farm, probably the first one laid out in the early township of New Meadows, covers one of the eastern hills, its cultivated fields sloping to the broad meadow at its base. This farm was given by Governor Bradstreet to his son Simon, whose descendants, bearing the name of Bradstreet, occupy an old fashioned homestead built close to the original house, which was only taken down a few years ago. While Ann Dudley the poet wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet, has

transmitted her genius to some of her descendants (among whom are Oliver Wendell Holmes and Richard H. Dana), the benevolent features and amiable characteristics of her husband, the old colonial governor, can be easily traced in some of his descendants in this village. Anne Bradstreet was a daughter of that rigid old Puritan, Governor Thomas Dudley, and every generation since her time in Topsfield has had a Dudley Bradstreet among its number, even to the present occupant of the farm we have mentioned. Very few villages of New England have retained their old-time simplicity as this one has done. None of the hurry and bustle of its more enterprising neighbors have come over these hills. One manufacturer only has gained a foothold, and even he hesitates to destroy the quiet of the village by importing foreign laborers, and only employs the sons and daughters of his neighbors and friends. No Queen Anne turreted villa dots hill or plain, and no summer hotel invites the stranger to this quiet retreat.

A strong feature of Topsfield is the accessibility of all things that make country life desirable to a lover of nature. No long dusty roads or toilsome climbing are necessary to put before one the wildest views, the prettiest dells and the greenest meadows bordered by grand old oak and hickory trees. Foot-paths and well-worn stiles, of which Burroughs laments there are so few in this country, take you within the shade of the pines up the hillside to an elevation where can be seen Newburyport, the hills of Ipswich, the waters of Pigeon Cove, the high bluffs of Beverly Shore, and when the atmosphere is clear, Marblehead and the harbor of Salem town. From this hill we look down upon the village, with its two church spires, shady streets, comfortable, farm-like houses, and upon the Agawam, spanned by bridges and shaded by overhanging trees and shrubs. This romantic stream that bows and bends all the way to the ocean, is like a little brook during the summer months, but overflows its banks in the spring and autumn, turning the outlying meadows into a broad, smooth lake. In the west are the Andover hills, and beyond stretch other ranges, with Monadnoc and Wachusett dimly outlined on the horizon. In the centre of the village is a wide common, intersected by paths shaded by elms and bordered by two churches, the town hall and two old colonial houses, built by the Emersons in the best style of architecture of a hundred years ago, giving a grand and gracious air to this inland town. An ancient house still stands near the common, built with an overhanging upper story for protection from the Indians. There is no record of its age, but it is supposed to have stood at least two hundred and twenty years, and has few companions left anywhere in New England. It was the home of Rev. Joseph Capen, the first minister of Topsfield, who came here from Dorchester in the middle of the seventeenth century. Rev. John Emerson succeeded Mr. Capen, and in his long ministry of forty-six years, though often deprived of his meagre salary, managed to amass fifty thousand dollars, a large fortune for those days. He was a brother of Rev. Joseph Emerson, from whom came the Concord branch. The Rev. Joseph was spiritually minded, never counting the things of this world; and he ceased to hold friendly and brotherly communion with John, who he thought was too much engrossed in worldly affairs. The colonial houses were built by descendants of Parson John, and two years ago, when one became the property of the Congregational church, to be used as a parsonage, lilac trees over eighty years old, that had been the pride and delight of a former generation, were cut to the ground, they in some measure destroying the ideality of this village. We are reminded of the poet Longfellow, who never wished to leave his home in Cambridge when the lilacs were in bloom.

This village, like Salem and Danvers, suffered from the witchcraft delusion. Two women—Mary Eastey and Sarah Wildes—were dragged from their homes and hung on Witch's hill, while another—Abigail Hobbs—was condemned to die, but was finally pardoned. Mary Eastey and the well-known Rebecca Nourse were sisters, daughters of William Town of Topsfield, who settled here as early as 1635. All these women had led exemplary lives, were strong in the Christian faith, with a native sweetness of disposition that endeared them to their families and friends. They became shining marks for this most cruel persecution, but their memory is still treasured, and their eloquent appeals for justice and mercy have not failed to find a place in the hearts of the generations that have followed them.

The study of geology and botany is becoming very popular throughout Essex county. Many of the smaller towns and villages have organized clubs through the influence of the famous Essex Institute which has its head-quarters at Salem. Some of the towns have exhibited fine collections of wild flowers at the annual fairs of this county, and Topsfield ought to send of its abundance, for the flora of the village and its vicinity is rich. The meadows, from early spring until midsummer, present a succession of vivid colors from the multitude and variety of wild flowers. Before the roadside grass is green, and while the buds are yet swelling on the trees, the cowslips or meadow buttercups, or marshmallows, as they are frequently called, stretch up their vigorous yellow bloom out of the watery hillocks, that ooze and sputter at the lightest weight. The painted cups then follow, whose petals shade from green to the brightest red, forming a score or more of clustering cups, that draw the water through their hollow stems and drop it from the brim. Bryant sings in praise of this flower, which is rarely found in New England—

"Scarlet tufts are glowing in the green, like lakes of fire!"

The wanderers of the prairie know them well, and call that flower "the painted cup." Then come the dark red trillium and the white buck bean, the thickly strewn purplish red blossoms of the pitchers, the "Jacks," with their lords and ladies, and the white azalea, rich in fragrance. The last of the spring production is the arethusa, with its variegated lip and bright pink petals, the most fascinating, delicate and delusive of all the water plants, for it hides itself in the most inaccessible places. The highways and fields are covered with bloodroot, anemones, violets, brown and blue, the dogtooth violet, nodding daintily on its stem, blue hepatica, red columbine, the stately slipper and the cardinal flower. In October, the blue fringed gentians cover the meadows, and the pure white gentian is often found by their side. The woods contain fine specimens of ferns that have attracted the attention of botanists. The delicate brown fern, so often in demand for herbariums is a native of these woods.

The birds in Topsfield are of brilliant plumage, and many varieties that have not visited their old home for years, having been driven away, it is said, by those troublesome English sparrows, are now returning in great numbers. Among them the scarlet tanager and the gayly colored grosbeck occasionally flash before us as we pass through the wood, while yellow birds, the little brown thrush, bluebirds in variety, and hosts of golden orioles, swinging in their nests, are seen daily before our doors. To appreciate the most beautiful sounds of the country one should take an early flight from the city. Come with the cowslips and robins. In no other way can the infinite variety of pleasures and surprises afforded by the lavishness of nature be fully realized.

Practically, life in Topsfield is one of general prosperity. "The poor ye have always with you" scarcely applies to this village, for even the poor

farm has less than six occupants. This farm is pleasantly situated, and is one of the most productive in the town. They have an annex for the "walking gentry," commonly called tramps, who lodge and are fed at the town's expense. Coffee was formerly furnished them with their bread, but at one time so many availed themselves of this generous provision that water was substituted. The question of building a separate establishment for these vagrants, at some place remote from the village, is now under consideration. This will be an additional grievance to them, as some have already complained of the present short trip "over the hills to the poorhouse." The old academy, which has been a landmark for many generations, is quaint and interesting, situated on an eminence in the heart of the village.

The inhabitants of Topsfield follow in the footsteps of their ancestors, whose traditions and occupations cling tenaciously to the soil. The natural surroundings of the village seem to be a defence against intrusion; and we should bless the everlasting hills that preserve to us a peaceful old-time village, the fulfillment of the Puritan's dream.—"V. R.," in Boston Transcript.

### RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE.

The evening session of the Relief Society was not so well attended as the morning had been though there were more brethren present. Mrs. Zina D. H. Young presided, and the meeting opened with the hymn.

"O' my Father thou that dwellest," etc.

Prayer by Mrs. Lucy B. Young, singing

"We thank thee O God for a prophet."

President Young called for those Presidents of Stakes who had not reported in the morning commencing with Mrs. Lizzie McDonald who had formerly presided over the Relief Society of Maricopa Stake, and was also familiar with the organized Society in Mexico. The speaker gave an excellent report of the labors of the sisters in Maricopa Stake and spoke especially of the Papago ward; gave an interesting account of the way in which the Indian women were being trained in house keeping and other pursuits as also dress etc.

Sister Harmon teaches them music and to sing by note and Sister McDonald felt it inspiring to hear them sing. Sister McDonald spent last winter in Mexico enjoyed it very much said some of the best people had gone there, and had their boys around them, they have suffered many privations in times past, and she sympathized with them in many respects. Her desire was to do good everywhere that her lot might be cast, no matter where it might be. She had never felt better in her life than now.

Dr Pratt then read the totals of the general report of the Relief Society which stated there were now enrolled 16,747 members! and seven stakes not reported, viz. Davis, Emery, Morgan, Panguitch, Parowan, San Luis and Wasatch,

Pres. Willmirth East gave a good report of St. Joseph Stake and said Pres. C. Layton always attended the Sisters Conferences, they were a good people down there and trying to live their religion serve God and keep his commandments. Spoke in glowing terms of her love of liberty and of the Constitution of our glorious country, rejoiced in the freedom its principles guaranteed, her sentiments were in full accord with the emphatic declaration of Patrick Henry when he exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death." Sister East apologized for Pres. Emma Brown's absence from the Conference said she had been traveling with her recently through Wasatch Stake, and had enjoyed it very much, the Society throughout the Stake was in a prosperous condition.

Counselor Sasah P. Crosby of Panguitch Stake,

spoke of the disadvantages they labored under in the matter of distances, their Stake reached 65 miles East 55 to the North East and 50 North so that it was difficult to reach the settlements often, there were eleven branches of the Relief Society scattered over the county some of them are very small. In these branches some of the families are so far apart they can only hold their meetings a part of the year.

Pres. M. Isabella Horne, of Salt Lake Stake, regretted there were not more present, thought that the instructions that had been given during the late Conference should stimulate us to go on in the cause of the Lord; she had been visiting around the county and also in the city wards trying to encourage to good works. "Our Father in heaven will not withhold any good thing from his children who are doing good service in his kingdom." Advised the holding of annual meetings thought it helped to keep up the interest, and felt anxious to see an advancement in the growth and progress of these organizations.

Pres. Elizabeth Yates of Millard Stake. Our settlements are very scattered, we try to meet with them all once a year, sometimes feel very weak and unable to perform the duties of the position I am called to fill. Pres. Hinckley meets with us sometimes and asks special questions etc. We teach our children the Word of Wisdom and try to train them in the path of duty. We are not often visited. Sister Horne made us a visit some years ago and the sisters refer to it often; the brethren sustain us in our organization and are glad to attend our meetings; rejoiced in the good results of the Primary Association.

Sister Kathinka Anderson reported Emery Stake as in good working order and the sisters full of faith and diligent in their labors. They also labored under many disadvantages, were a long way from the centre Stake of Zion and had not had much teaching from experienced sisters.

Pres. Young made some telling remarks and inquired concerning the Stakes not yet reported, blessed the sisters especially those who had come long distances to attend the meetings, hoped the good spirit of the Conferences would be carried to their homes, and that the saints would increase and prosper in the land, said many good things, and blest all the assembly in the name of Jesus.

Sister Horne added a few remarks and spoke of the Convention in the afternoon.

Sister S. M. Kimball thought all were growing weary, but she was deeply interested in the proceedings of this day, she had been looking back over the 47 years since the first organization when there were about nineteen members now there were 16,747, and there were seven stakes of Zion not reported also all beyond the sea in other lands. "This is no small thing. We should increase in knowledge and good works. We are as a light set upon a hill, jealousy, prejudice, envy should not find place in our hearts; one of the prime objects of this organization is self culture; a committee has been appointed to regulate our Stake Conferences, hope this will be brought to pass. Woman's work is progressing, was delighted to see the baby in the speaker's arms to-day; it proved her equal to the emergency.

Sister E. B. Wells spoke upon the great good to be accomplished by means of woman's aid in various directions, and alluded to the results achieved by woman's persistent agitation in the New England States and elsewhere of the injustice of the law in regard to married women's rights. Referred to the new constitutions for the admission of States and how they stood on the question of equal suffrage etc, urged women to read and inform themselves for their own sake and the good of community. Thought we had need of charity

that we might be more helpful to each other and be as charitable to others as we would wish them to be to us.

Dr. Barney read a written article." The beautiful we admire, and we can glean valuable lessons from God's disposition, in distributing, arranging and organizing the elements, and forming mankind with the variety of dispositions and attributes that are made manifest in the very beginning of his or her being.

The placid disposition is admired because of its evenness and possessing the property to yield.

The positive or active nature is admired because it can remove difficulties and surmount obstacles.

The Skeptic is always in doubt, and restless, not fixed in his purpose; in him hope and faith are deficient.

The artist is absorbed, and lost in his own environment, and is only companionable to others as they can grasp with him and have lively imaginations of the ideality that exists in his mind.

Thus we may view the great panorama of variety; as it passes before our eyes in imagination, both the animate and inanimate, animal, and vegetable, and wonder as we admire and ask ourselves the question. What is all this?—God.

The irritable husband is modified, as time passes on by the worn, tired, passive wife, if not in life, in death he learns her worth.

The overbearing selfish child relents, when it sees its injured sister turn from his tantalizing power and presence.

Thus lesson after lesson is learned, and the great school of experience is widened out, almost without limitation.

We have the bitter and the sweet, also the acid and an-tacid, they neutralize each other, and in new formed compounds the original nature of the element is lost. For example the housewife readily understands that the oil and alcohol, are antagonistical to each other, and thus they neutralize each other, and form a fresh compound unlike the first, the nature is changed and will be no more the same unless broken up from its combination and returns to its original elements. Thus we may compare the life of a Latter-day Saint, the individual is changed in his views and dispositions, and likings, by his surroundings, associations, and heavenly influences, and you learn his life's history, you can discern that if he has hugged closely to the laws of the Divine Teacher, you will find pencil traces of the master artist, if not, his history is more rudely completed, and the final compound or result is, an imperfect one and not so elegant.

We read in Genesis 1-26. "God said let us make man in our image after our likeness, 27 verse says, so God created man in his own image." God was, as we are, and we will be, as he is, as we advance to that degree of excellence and knowledge.

The most of humanity are endowed with a love for the beautiful, yet there are individuals, that cannot discern green from blue, or a difference between colors, they are called color blind, we might say they were deficient in their organization.

Another is not a musician, he may have time, but no tune, or he may have neither time nor tune, who is to blame? who is the originator of all this? who set the rugged cliff behind the blushing flower? who caused the weeping willow to grow beside you cataract? shall we faint because a truth exists, no! we will in our delineation endeavor to portray upon life's canvas as it were with the painter's brush, forms light and shade with color, and tint, until our imaginations and invention have reached the reality.

Did not Joseph in his life's history and character, imitate the life of Jesus? was not

his a life of virtue, and his a martyr's death? we may learn a lesson from him.

Our entire being should be endued with gospel graces. If our first thoughts in the morning are to do the will of our Father, and our last feelings at night are to do our Father's will, our rest will be sweet and our final sleep will be heavenly.

There is a growth in Zion, the knowledge that has been obtained by sad experience in some respects has made the boy more manly; and the girl more womanly; and the people more Godlike. The mason's hands have not been staid, but our temple is towering heavenward.

Pres. Young made some closing remarks, felt we had been blessed in meeting under such favorable circumstances in such a beautiful place, spoke of her love for all the sisters and felt grateful for this opportunity of coming together and hearing from the several Stake organizations, trusted much good might result from the assembling of ourselves together in this capacity; warned the sisters not to speak against each other, said our principles are perfect in life or in death, let us abide by them, thanked all and blessed them in the name of Jesus. Amen. The congregation arose and sung Dōxology. Conference adjourned for six months, prayer by Elder C. J. Thomas.

#### MARICOPA STAKE.

Minutes of the Quarterly Conference held at Mesa City, Sept. 19, 1889. Opened by the usual exercises. Upon the stand were the R. S. Stake officers and others, and also Pres. C. I. Robson, Coun. H. C. Rogers, C. R. Hakes, and Bishop Pomeroy. Sister M. A. Hakes rejoiced at again meeting the saints, had been away on a visit to the Snowflake Stake had a very pleasant time, spoke highly of the hospitality and general good feeling of the people there. Reported the R. S. Society of the Mesa Ward as doing well and in good working order. Spoke upon the storing of grain.

Sister Lizzie Macdougald gave a good report of the Lehi Ward, thought their meetings were improving all the time, said the people of the world had rejected the prophets, but if an astronomer made a prediction the whole world were looking for the result; spoke also of the storing of grain.

Sister Ann Kleinman reported the Alma Ward showing that a portion of the sisters were alive to their duties, encouraged mothers to be more zealous.

Sister Susan Savage spoke encouragingly of the Papago Ward said the native sisters were anxious to learn from their white sisters the domestic duties of wives and mothers.

Sister Esther Openshaw represented the Nephi Ward, said the sisters were trying to do their duties in the Society and to keep the commandments of God.

Coun. C. R. Hakes and H. C. Rogers, Bishop Pomeroy and Pres. C. I. Robson encouraged the sisters and gave some good advice. A general good feeling prevailed. Adjourned for three months.

F. E. ROBSON, Stake Sec. R. S.

#### THE LOST LENORE.

The cottage in which Edgar Poe wrote "The Raven" has been torn down to make room for more modern buildings: but before it was demolished, even for years, since the death of Poe, relic hunters have visited the place carrying away anything portable; shingles, wall-paper, fire-place and window-lattice: so that really not much remained of the original home. Two trees stand on the high ledge of rock which overlooks the beautiful Hudson and from these, visitors carry away many a

sprig of leaves, as a memento of the spot, where lived the Poet, who wrote the sad, sad refrain, "Ah, nevermore." The new home will bear no trace of the simple, old fashioned cottage, except that these two trees will wave their branches over its roof saying to those who listen, "only this, and nothing more." It was in 1843 and 1844 that Edgar A. Poe and his young wife lived here in the family of Mr. Brennan, whose eldest child, (now Mrs. General O'Beirne) remembers much of them, as she was often with Poe while he was writing. She recollects the wooden shelf nailed just above the door of the room, on which stood a small bust of Minerva; that there were no purple curtains with "silken, sad, uncertain rustle," and no tufted floor: but she distinctly remembers that the poem, *Lost Lenore*, was read aloud to the family from manuscript. How many since then have read, and reread, until the lines are familiar, household words the weird, sad story of *The Lost Lenore!*

#### DR. PAINTER.

Dr. Hetty Kersey Painter, one of the faithful suffragists of Lincoln, Neb., has recently died. The *Woman's Tribune* says of her. "She was the most interesting historical personage among the women of Nebraska. Her death is a personal bereavement to all who knew her."

"Mrs. P. was descended from staunch Quaker families of West Chester, Pa., and was one of the first women to graduate from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. At the breaking out of the Civil War she offered herself for her country, and was on duty as nurse and surgeon during almost the entire conflict, securing testimonials of the esteem of Gen. Grant and Sherman, and of the devotion of the corps of which she was a member. During her long residence in Lincoln, her Sanitarium, where she used especially hygienic means, has been a blessing to many, while all who were associated with her learned to love her and to feel confidence in her gentle, tender skill.

"As the charter president of the Lincoln W. R. C., she bore the interest of the boys who had followed the flag near to her heart. She was prominent in the W. C. T. U., and has been an active member and officer of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage Association since its organization.

"The funeral services was mostly rendered by women. Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender represented the Woman Suffrage Association, and Mrs. King, of the W. C. T. U., spoke in loving commendation of her work. The rites at the grave were conducted by the Woman's Relief Corps."

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

Athens, Greece, has a Woman's journal.

Mrs. Amelia Rives Chandler is writing a book about the children employed in mills.

The net receipts of the historical pageant at Hartford, Ct., in honor of Mrs. Stowe, amounted to \$1,036.

There are twenty-four Kindergartens, with forty-six teachers, and attended by fifteen hundred children in Boston, Mass.

Of the twenty-one young women now at the Brussels University, 10 study pharmacy, 7 physical science, 3 general medicine, and one philosophy.

The young ladies of the Wisconsin University are studying carpentry, and gaining proficiency in the mechanical department as

rapidly as in the more intellectual studies in which they are engaged.

Mrs. Emily Crawford is writing "A Story of the French Revolutions." As her husband's assistant during his lifetime, and his successor since his death, Mrs. Crawford has been the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* for a quarter of a century.

The October *Century* contains a very interesting posthumous article by Maria Mitchell, entitled "Reminiscences of the Herschels," with a portrait of Miss Mitchell, and a picture of her last observatory, at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Ruth Wells of Ft. Wayne, Ind., who died there Oct. 2, aged eighty, left her residence, worth \$40,000, to the city, on condition that the asylum for the blind shall be erected and maintained. Her mother was blind for years.

Mrs. Nora Buck, wife of the the engineer of a passenger steamer which plies on Great Egg Harbor Bay between Long Port and Somers Point, N. J., presides over the engine-room and is skilled in the management of the machinery. Mrs. Buck is a granddaughter of Commodore Lavelette and the daughter of the founder of Lavelette City, N. J. She is as skillful in managing a sailboat as in running a steamer. She is only 19 years old and extremely handsome. Her husband says she is the best assistant he could have in running his boat.

Miss Caroline Whiting, seventy-one years of age, has been a teacher in New York City for fifty-three years. Says Miss Frances Willard in the *Union Signal*: For fifty years she has not spent a day in bed: has taught always in the same school (No 14), and worn out two school buildings; has been forty years principal and has twenty teachers under her care, and has had not fewer than twelve thousand pupils. Miss Whiting has had her home for fifty years with Mrs. Sabin and the latter's mother, both of whom were her pupils. This is a pretty fair record for one "superfluous woman."

A very old lady has just died in London—the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort—who, years ago, was the unwitting cause of a piece of far-reaching legislation. She was the second wife of the old Duke, whose childless first wife had been her sister. When her husband died, the question was raised whether her son could succeed to the title, inasmuch as the ancient ecclesiastical law then prevailing, while not making such marriages void, provided for their being set aside by spiritual courts upon appeal. After some trouble, the other heirs acceded to the succession of the present Duke, but, in order that such a dispute should not arise again, an act was immediately passed making marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal.

#### OBITUARY.

Another good woman has gone to her rest. Sister Eliza Foulds wife of William J. Parkin died at her residence in South Bountiful June 11th 1889. She was born December 7th 1839 and emigrated from the Nottingham Conference 1853. She was the only one of her father's house that embraced the Gospel. She was the mother of ten children, nine of whom are left to mourn her loss. She was a good mother, a loving wife, and a faithful Latter-day Saint. Embraced all the principles of the everlasting Gospel which have been revealed by Joseph Smith the Prophet; and was a faithful teacher in the South Bountiful Relief Society. She died as she had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call from our midst our loved and respected Sister Eliza F. Parkin. Whereas we are called to mourn a dear Sister and

colaborer in the Relief Society, one who has been a faithful member and at all times willing to perform all the duties required of her.

Resolved that we the members of the Relief Society of South Bountiful realize the loss of a faithful member in the death of our Sister.

Resolved that we extend our sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family and friends.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, the Woman's Exponent, and also placed on the record.

PHEBE ATKINSON, President.  
MARY ANN PAGE, Secretary.

South Bountiful, Utah.



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